

DECEMBER 11, 1978

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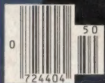
TIME

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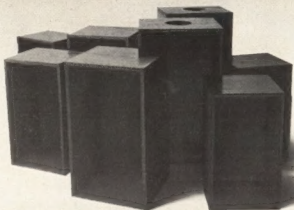
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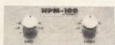


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A Letter from the Publisher

When Sue Raffety was attending high school in Blackwell, Okla., in the 1950s, she and her classmates wore heavily caked makeup and ruby-red lipstick. "It looked like hell," recalls Raffety, "and hurt our skin. At the time, however, we thought we were glamorous." Like many women, Raffety has done, well, an about-face on cosmetology, and today she prizes those products that help foster a fresh, natural appearance. As the senior reporter-researcher in the Economy and Business section, Raffety suggested and worked on this week's cover story about one of the cosmetics industry's largest retail companies, Revlon, and its president, Michel Bergerac.

The assignment proved to be alluring. Raffety splashed on dozens of perfumes, smeared herself with lotions and creams and spread on a rainbow of lipsticks and eye shadows. To prepare for her first interview with the president of Revlon, she visited a midtown Manhattan skin-care salon and underwent a one-hour facial that included a massage, a seaweed mask and a herbal-tea steaming. She topped off the treatment with a professional makeup job. "A session like that one can

change your whole feeling about the world," says Raffety.

Reporting on an industry redolent of mystery and the exotic, Raffety was most fascinated by Bergerac himself. Her explanation: "I always suspected that people in this business were somewhat artificial—speaking with broad accents, for example, or constantly using endearments like

D. HALSTED

"darling." Bergerac could not be more genuine: he is warm and friendly without being mushy, and he possesses a quick, dry sense of humor. I especially enjoyed watching him on his farm as he fed lettuce to his goat Dudley and played with his two baby lambs. Bergerac is as comfortable in the woods as in his Fifth Avenue office."

For Senior Writer George Church, who expounds on trade deficits and inflation spirals with ease, the story of Bergerac and the beauty business turned out to be one of his toughest covers yet. "The dollar I understand," he says, "but how do you describe the Smoky Mauve look?" Exactly the way, we hope you'll agree, that Church describes it in a

cover story that turned out to be as much fun for him as for Sue Raffety.



Raffety enjoying a professional makeup session

John A. Meyers

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Cover: Photograph by Dirck Halsted.



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Cover: Cosmetics makers are pushing a new, new look that stresses romance and mystery. Nobody markets it better than Michel Bergerac, chief of Revlon, the General Motors of beauty. See **ECONOMY & BUSINESS**.



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Letters

Man of the Year

To the Editors:

I hereby nominate Howard Jarvis as Man of the Year. He has proved that one man can still change things in America. Perhaps he should even be considered for Man of the Decade.

*E. Bruce Geelhoed
Muncie, Ind.*

Man of the Year—no. Men of the Year—yes: the College of Cardinals for their inspired selection of Popes John Paul I and John Paul II.

*(Mrs.) Marian N. Shultz
Greenbank, Wash.*



My nomination is Muhammad Ali.

*Charles Cohn
Philadelphia*

Jimmy Carter is a natural for Man of the Year for his efforts on behalf of peace at Camp David.

*Vic Leonard
Cos Cob, Conn.*

When it comes time to decide TIME's Man of the Year, keep in mind Shcharansky, Ginzburg and all other Soviet dissidents who are to be commended for their courage and indomitable spirit.

*Mark Heidorn
Flushing, Mich.*

Naomi James as Woman of the Year for her solo sail around the world.

*Jeanette M. Davy
Lausanne, Switzerland*

Reggie Jackson. He has a knack for what appears to be the supernatural.

*Joe Murphy
Attleboro, Mass.*

Turning Conservative

TIME says, "The American people had soured on costly government..." [Nov. 20]. Right on! TIME could have

gone further. We are tired of costly government that gives us less and less. I resent, however, your saying in a "quirky mood," the voters turned conservative. A more accurate statement: the voters got smart and turned conservative.

*Berman E. Deffenbaugh Jr.
San Antonio*

O.K., so the congressional candidates finally got our message: cut taxes and federal spending, and do it now! I can't figure out why it has taken so long for them to realize that this is what their constituents were after. We've been yelling for years about exorbitant national spending. This is just the first time those old geezers turned their hearing aids up far enough to hear us.

*Ross Cameron
Ithaca, N.Y.*

I do not consider the American people's unwillingness to vote a scandal at all. If people were threatened enough by the possible outcome of the election, I believe they would show up at the polling centers in droves. The reason for staying away from the polls is really an I'm-satisfied vote.

*Ken Cogswell
Bloomington, Ind.*

Only in America is it possible to elect politicians who propose less government spending while allowing one candidate (North Carolina Senator Jesse Helms) to spend \$6.7 million on his campaign. Enough, I say!

*Phyllis Kisser
Vienna, Va.*

There must be some old adage to express the sentiment that if we voters send people like Congressman Daniel Flood back to public office, we are getting the kind of representation we deserve.

*Matt Boxberger
Lawrence, Kans.*

Too Little Too Late

All the "reforms" of the Shah's regime [Nov. 13] represent too little too late. All the economic and geopolitical reasoning on his behalf cannot paper over the fact that the widespread discontent is the result of 25 years of unprecedented repression and bad government practices. The Shah cannot solve problems when his people perceive him to be the very root of these problems. For Americans, all this is a sobering lesson on the perils of backing a dictatorship.

*Alwyn Patrick D'Sa
New York City*

Rockwell's World

Norman Rockwell's illustrations were not of a "dreamworld" [Nov. 20], but of a reality that I remember well. In my New England neighborhood the grandparents



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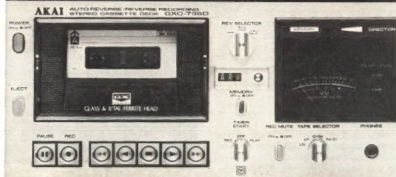
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Letters

of my friends looked very much like those in his illustrations. There was no one with a camera handy when the boys (and girls) stole apples from a neighbor's orchard and said their grace before meals, or when my own doctor examined my doll for symptoms of asthma. Norman Rockwell's work has preserved those scenes from everyday life, and 300 years from now our descendants will know that apple trees grew in our neighbors' gardens, our elderly lived with their children more often than not, and health care was delivered by kindly compassionate doctors who came to our homes.

Edith Wallace Grauman
Auburndale, Mass.

The Practicing Bishop

Praise be to Spokane's Roman Catholic Bishop Bernard J. Topel [Nov. 13] for his voluntary poverty, one of the fundamentals of Christian doctrine. Unfortunately, he is one of a tiny minority aware of the unwritten maxim, "You can tell but cannot teach, unless you practice what you preach."

Robert Rickman
Renfrew, Ont.

I could swear I heard the sound of snipping scissors as parishioners everywhere clipped your article regarding Bishop Topel to send to their bishops who are living in a "stately bishop's residence."

Mary Jones
Lansing, N.Y.

It appears to me that Bishop Topel's "poverty binge" has taken him from depending on the people he serves, the "74,000 souls" in his diocese, to the U.S. Government. He returns his salary to the diocese, distributes the \$25,000 from the sale of the bishop's home and the money he receives for the jeweled symbols of his office, but accepts his monthly Social Security check. That is very princely of you, Your Excellency.

Ed White
Oceanside, Calif.

Harmonious Enlightenment?

It was a delight to see the merits of the Transcendental Meditation program in prisons [Nov. 13] brought to light. The penal system has made a tremendous advance in beginning to recognize that crime prevention requires development of individual consciousness to the point that inner strength and fulfillment make crime unimaginable. TM practitioners call this harmonious state enlightenment. Your article reveals its practicality for everyone in this stressful world.

Gail S. Weiser
Reading, Pa.

If the TM program could have even one-tenth the effect it seems to be having in reducing the recidivism rate of our pris-



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Letters

ons, it would be a significant contribution. It is time we explored the alternatives to the lock-'em-up-and-throw-away-the-key rhetoric of too many politicians, if only because keys are cheap but the cost of maintaining the rest of the operation will soon be prohibitive.

*Richard S. Pinto
West Palm Beach, Fla.*

"TM in the Pen" mentions that California is seeking federal funding to support a TM program in the prisons. I hope the agencies involved will consider the case of *Malnak vs. Yogi* in New Jersey, 1977, in which it was determined that TM was based on religious doctrine. I have no argument with the teaching of religious principles to rehabilitate criminals—indeed a Christian conversion would produce the same results—but feel no religion should be taught with the tax support and approval of Government. If Transcendental Meditation is to be taught in the prisons, then its adherents should foot the bill.

*William Frey
Philadelphia*

Borrowed Vocabulary

In his study on football as a homosexual ceremony [Nov. 13], Mr. Dundes argues that the jargon of football—e.g.,

score, down, popping—is erotic. He apparently assumes that such words were borrowed from sexual lingo. Actually, these terms were used by football players and fans long before they became part of our sexual-banter.

The fact that we have borrowed vocabulary from the violent game of football to describe sexual behavior sheds a great deal of light on our current standards of eroticism. Mr. Dundes has reversed the analogy.

*John T. Pilecki
Cornwells Heights, Pa.*

Alan Dundes probably thinks brushing your teeth is an erotic ritual.

*Daniel Oster
Framingham, Mass.*

Obsolete Downtowns

The fight of Burlington, Vt., against the threat of the suburban mall [Nov. 13] compares with a buggy manufacturer obstructing the sale of autos in 1910. It is understandable, but hopeless. Most downtown areas, whether they are renovated or not, are now obsolete as shopping areas. They just don't give customers the convenience, hours and consideration they demand.

*Denton Wirkus
Ames, Iowa*

Conditioned Reflex

Re "Furor over Japanese Trade" [Nov. 13]: Japan will regret it if we have a Boston-type Tea Party, and consumers boycott items made in Japan. We, too, can acquire the mentality that if it isn't made in the U.S., we can make it here. The conditioned reflex can work both ways.

*Mary J. Koch
Auburn, Wash.*

After having lived in Tokyo for three years, it is clear to me that the American businessman has a very poor concept of the Japanese consumer. Compared with the more compact Japanese appliances, the American versions are marveled at as gargantuan rather than considered for purchase. The same is true of American cars. On narrow Japanese streets, many American automobiles resemble a cruising battleship. As an American living in Japan, I could not buy American products even if I wanted to because of their incompatibility with the Japanese life-style.

*Constance A. Matsumoto
New Haven, Conn.*

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Backed by the band, Huntsville High's leading baton twirlers hold hands and pray for victory at a competition in Willis

American Scene

In Texas: Twirling to Beat the Band

Lisa Cording, 15, is a honey blond with a Farrah Fawcett haircut and big brown eyes. She is also so keyed up she can hardly sleep. Her hands are swollen from hours of baton twirling. The light fixtures in her bedroom and the family dining room have been smashed, victims of incessant twirling. Her mother complains that at 2 a.m. she can still hear the thump, thump of Lisa practicing her "routine" out on the patio. Lisa twirls in the bathroom, and once tried to twirl in the car.

The reason for this madness? It is just one more day until Lisa and 200 other girls from 26 neighboring high schools will be judged at a regional twirling contest run by the Texas University Interscholastic League. The league sponsors 22 contests a year, and Lisa wants desperately to earn a top rating in Division One for her Little Joe flips, reverse figure-eights and, even more important, for a combination of style, smile and sex appeal that is known among twirlers as flash. A Division One finish would mean a chance to make the Huntsville High twirling line next spring. In Texas, being on the twirling line is about as "in" as a high school girl can get. "On Friday nights when the twirlers are on the field, you just want to be out there," explains Lisa. Grins 16-year-old Robin Coburn, a tall, willowy junior who has already made the line: "It's just a big deal. And your names are announced at the games." On those Friday nights every autumn, high school football mania sweeps across Texas, consuming everything in its path. But unlike Northern fans, Texans never streak for the restrooms and hot-dog stands at halftime. They stay to see the marching band and, especially, to watch the high-strutting twirlers showing off flash, skill and baby fat in their tight, sequined costumes.

No one knows for sure why twirling is so popular in Texas and most of the South. Some say it is part of a vaguely de-

fined "Southern culture." Others suggest that twirling is encouraged by the warm autumn weather and a lack of organized sports for girls. Some feminists argue that in Texas more than elsewhere the preferred way for a girl to get ahead is to catch a man's eye, and what better way is there than twirling? Whatever its roots, the twirling line is as Texan as Lone Star Beer and chicken-fried steaks.

Lisa has cause for worry. Only seven girls can be chosen for the Huntsville twirling line, and competition is tough. Her elder sister Susan was a Huntsville High twirler for two years. But then the unthinkable happened. She failed to make the cut. Friends whisper that she gained too much weight to make the line. It was traumatic. "It affected Susan's image of herself," says Dick Cording, the girls' sympathetic father, who is chairman of the philosophy department at nearby Sam Houston State University. As a result, he says, "we've talked a lot about handling defeat in this family."

According to Texas rules, all candidates for the twirling line must be at least sophomores and able to play a musical instrument well enough to make the school band. At Huntsville that in itself is serious business, because it means dealing with Richard Wuensche, 36, the intense, bespectacled perfectionist who directs the band. Wuensche (rhymes with clinch) is known as The Chief, and the 175 members of the Huntsville marching band are Wuensche's Wonders. For eight years they have won the Division One rating for high school bands in Class AAA (schools with 625 to 1,300 students).

Wuensche's world is prey to minor crises. A pants zipper rips on a band uniform. A flute player is absent. A clarinet complains that the baritone sax is spitting on her. But the real plagues of Wuensche's existence are the twirlers' parents. Among his duties is the awesome responsibility of

choosing the Huntsville line. Parents of unsuccessful candidates have accused him of favoritism and threatened to have him fired. Things got so bad that Wuensche no longer allows parents to attend the twirling line tryouts, which are now held behind locked doors in the gym. "They all think their kids are the best," says Wuensche. "They've spent a lot of money on them, and they don't want to waste it."

Indeed, by the time a girl is good enough to strut her stuff for five minutes at the line tryouts, her parents have quite a bit invested. Private twirling lessons can run as high as \$25 an hour. A week at one of the dozen or more twirling camps that blossom in the heat of Texas summer is about \$90. Stretchy costumes cost as much as \$60. The batons themselves, chrome-plated steel from 16 in. to 30 in. long, are about \$12.50. Twirler parents spend about \$600 a year, and some begin pushing their daughters into contests before they are old enough to go to school.

"Our Susan got her first baton when she was four," says Billie Clendenen, a Huntsville mother whose 14-year-old will try out for the line this spring. But Joyce Moore, 36, whose daughter Sonia, 14, won Little Miss Houston Baton when she was five, now regrets encouraging her daughter so early. "That way they grow up too quick," she says. "Sonia never liked dolls. Kids her age bore her, and she don't like boys her own age."

Most members of the Huntsville line have taken dance lessons for years. During the summer, twirlers practice four hours a day, often sacrificing personal plans so the line can work together. As a group they attend a twirling camp for a week to perfect their struts and tosses. Following Labor Day they work on their half-time programs after school for two hours each day. "Sometimes my boyfriend wants to go for a Coke and he can't un-

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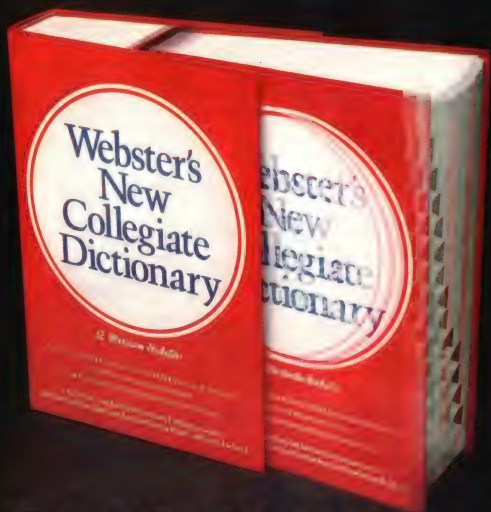
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American Scene

derstand that I just have to go twirl," Robin Coburn moans.

That kind of dedication does not help a twirler's grade-point average, or leave much time for hanging out at the Sonic Drive-In or the Emporium Pool Hall. Almost to a twirler, though, the girls think the tough regime is worth it. At heart they are neither cheerleaders nor team competitors, they are performers, smitten with the actor's urge to hold an audience. "It's like being in a Broadway show," says Tali Haenosh, a 16-year-old senior twirler who is the only Jewish student in Huntsville High and the daughter of an Israeli doctor. "We're there to entertain." Some get hit on the head at practice, or suffer a broken nose from a falling baton. Flaming batons sometimes even singe the twirlers' forearms, but the show must go on.

For some girls, twirling leads to a college scholarship, or a career as a twirling teacher. Both are goals of athletic, brown-haired Terri Burns, 17, "feature twirler" on the Huntsville line, which means she gets to perform solo at football games with flaming batons and "Samoan swords." "I always put twirling practice before guys," she says. "I've worked a lot harder to be a good twirler than I have to get a good date. You can date guys all your life but you won't always be able to twirl."

Lisa Cording's moment comes on a Saturday morning when 22 girls from



Fond parents watch the kids perform

"You just want to be out there."

Huntsville present themselves at Willis High School for the regional contest. Starting at 8:45 a.m. the Huntsville girls, one at a time, walk nervously onto a damp, fog-shrouded tennis court. Mothers and friends watch, perched on the hoods of cars pulled up on the grass next to the court. The girls, awkward in their skimpy stretch suits, take their turns alone. One contestant carries her "good luck" Teddy bear to the court and puts it down next to the judge, John Kunkel, an intimidating character slouched in a chair. There

is no music. None of the rah-rah glamour of those intoxicating Friday nights. Each girl silently goes through her routine of tosses and twirls. "You look for baton speed, coordination and control," says Kunkel as he jets down impressions. "You look at their faces for confidence. It's called showmanship. I don't know too much about it, but I'm a nice old boy." Win or lose, it's over in two minutes.

Lisa grabs her French horn and band uniform. Her mother quickly drives her down the road to the Willis High Stadium where Wuensch's Wonders are about to perform in the marching-band competition. The sun breaks through the fog just as the music starts and The Wonders in their green-and-white suits and tall, furry white helmets begin some complicated step-tuos and blockbusters. Wuensch is hiding under the bleachers, too nervous to watch. Finally word comes over the loudspeaker. Huntsville has won its ninth straight Division One.

The individual twirling results are being posted in the school office, amidst a clatter of prayers, joyous shouts and cries of disappointment. Lisa is actually shaking as she pushes her way to the board, then manages a scream: "I got a Division One." That says it all. Her comment sheet reads: "Work on your control. More will be required of you as you mature." —Bob Warmstedt



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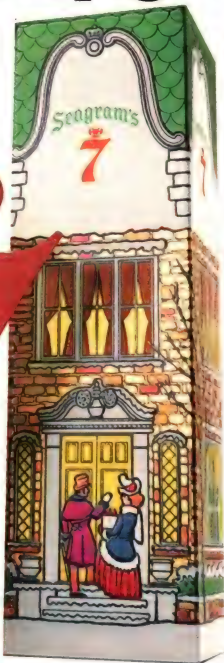
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Some 30,000 mourners converge on city hall in torchlight ceremony for two slain officials

TIME/DEC. 11, 1978

Another Day of Death

A former San Francisco official kills the mayor and a supervisor

The gathering constellation of torchlights flickered first at the corner of 18th and Castro streets, in the center of the homosexual community that makes up about one-eighth of San Francisco's population. Held high by marchers stepping to the slow cadence of three drums, the bobbing lights moved down Market Street, their brilliance growing as the grieving crowd multiplied. By the time they reached the steps of the bronze-domed city hall, the crowd of youthful homosexuals, male and female, had been joined by many more conventional citizens, and an army of some 30,000 mourners expressed the sorrow of the shaken city.

At the flower-strewn steps, the mood of the civil rights rebellion of the 1960s was evoked as the crystalline voice of Folk Singer Joan Baez led the assembled marchers in the familiar songs: *Kumbaya*, *Amazing Grace* and *Oh, Freedom*. More candles were lit, more wreaths dropped on the steps, and an undercurrent of bitterness broke through the sadness. "Are you happy, Anita?" asked one crudely lettered sign in cruel reference to homosexuality's hated foe, Anita Bryant.

Once stately and even staid, a very citadel of culture in California, San Francisco has been scarred repeatedly in recent years by outbreaks of violence and turmoil (see following story). It was horrified two weeks ago when it awoke to

the realization that it had nourished the Peoples Temple, an ostensibly humanitarian and religious cult whose leader, Jim Jones, had ordered the assassination of California Congressman Leo Ryan and then led 911 followers to their deaths in a frenzy of mass suicide and murder in re-



Grieving Daughter Jennifer Moscone, 21

"No, I'll see him alone."

mote Guyana. But San Francisco's shock was more centrally focused last week from the moment when a tearful Dianne Feinstein, president of the board of supervisors, stepped outside her city hall office to tell a stunned group of city employees and reporters: "It is my duty to inform you that both Mayor Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk have been shot and killed."

Mayor George Moscone, 49, had learned only a few days before of the deaths of Jones, whom he had once appointed head of the city housing authority, and of the other Guyana victims. "I proceeded to vomit and cry," Moscone had said. Supervisor Harvey Milk, 48, who had spoken at political rallies at the Peoples Temple, had candidly proclaimed his homosexuality and won election to the city's eleven-member governing board. He had also left a tape recording predicting that he might be killed because he had become such a prominent political spokesman for gays. The man charged with killing the other two was not some wild-eyed lunatic but an ex-member of the board of supervisors, Daniel James White, 32. White was a clean-cut former police officer and fireman, who was described by most acquaintances as a handsome, athletic, ever-achieving all-American boy. "If he had been a breakfast cereal," said one acquaintance, "he would have had to be Wheaties."



The mayor at Congressman Ryan's funeral



Murdered Supervisor Harvey Milk

Amid the sorrow and confusion, hasty theories flourished over why both officials had died. One was that the murders might somehow have been connected with the Peoples Temple. Far more plausible was the notion that White, the only supervisor on the board who had voted against a city ordinance prohibiting discrimination on the basis of sexual preferences, had vented his anti-gay feelings in a murderous attack against Milk and the mayor. Moscone had appointed a few representatives of the gay community to low-ranking government offices.

White was a law-and-order conservative who viewed both the progressive mayor and Milk as overly tolerant of criminals and nonconformists. White had, in fact, won election as supervisor last year partly by campaigning, in effect, against gays. "There are thousands upon thousands of frustrated, angry people waiting to unleash a fury that can and will eradicate the malignancies which blight our city," his brochures declared. "I am not going to be forced out of San Francisco by splinter groups of radicals, social deviates, incorrigibles."

Yet other facts contradicted any tidy theory. White was no political extremist. "I respect the private rights of all people, including gays," he had insisted during debate on the gay rights ordinance. (He was also in favor of handgun controls.) He and Milk got along well on the board, at least until recently.

While White reportedly confessed to the crimes, his motivation was not revealed. He apparently turned irrational under the pressure of not being able to support his wife and infant son on the supervisor job's

\$9,600 salary. His wife Mary Ann had to quit her teaching job when she became pregnant. They later tried to operate a waterfront potato stand, but his city hall duties consumed too much of his time. He decided to resign the post on Nov. 10, then changed his mind and waged a vain fight to get the post back. Moscone had refused to reappoint him.

"I'm really sorry to see him go," Moscone had said after White turned in his resignation. "I think he's a good guy." But while White was out of office, opposition to him had developed in his ethnically

mixed district, and the affable but politically shrewd Moscone had decided it would be smarter for him to appoint a more compatible, liberal man to White's position on the board.

The final day began happily for Moscone, a 15-year political veteran, former Democratic leader of the California senate and father of four children. He was visited in his city hall office by State Assemblyman Willie Brown, a black leader and close friend.

"The mayor was really in high spirits, glowing," recalled Brown. "He yelled, 'C'mon in, this I've got to tell you!'" Moscone's news was that he felt he had pulled off a political coup in selecting Don Horanzy, 42, a real estate loan officer of the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development, to fill out White's four-year term. Horanzy had not sought political office but had developed local support by founding a neighborhood "All People's Coalition" in White's lower-middle-class, partly black, Oriental and white ethnic district. The volunteer coalition helped combat crime and spruce up the neighborhood. Moscone had scheduled a press conference for 11:30 a.m. to announce Horanzy's appointment.

White was picked up by an unidentified woman in a red sports car at his modest bungalow on Shawnee Avenue and taken to city hall. Shortly before 11 a.m., White tapped on a basement window just off the parking ramp on the north side of the ornate, gray granite building. He told an engineer inside that he had forgotten his keys to the locked double doors by which supervisors can enter conveniently from the parking area. The engineer recognized White



White in police custody after the killings

"There are thousands of frustrated, angry people."

and let him in through the window.

Minutes later, White slipped into a normally locked side door to the mayor's second-floor suite of offices. This entry let him avoid the busy outer reception room. White asked Moscone's secretary, Cyr Copertini, if he could see her boss. Moscone's press aide, Mel Wax, passed by, saw White and sent word that Horanzy and his family should wait in an outer office to avoid a collision with the disappointed former supervisor. Wax figured that White was making a last-minute plea to get his job back. Said Wax: "I didn't talk to him. I was worried that [Horanzy] and White would see each other and we'd have a scene."

Moscone, smiling and in shirtsleeves, came out to greet White. Copertini asked if the mayor wanted anyone to sit in on the meeting, as he usually did with visitors. He laughed and said, "No, I'll see him alone." The mayor then led White through his formal office and into a cozier rear sitting room. "When he wants a heart-to-heart with somebody, the back office is a more informal setting," Wax later explained. "He liked to sit on the couch."

Shortly after 11 a.m. Copertini heard several sharp noises. "I had an awful feeling," she said later. "I went over to the window and looked out, thinking they were shots, but hoping they weren't." At that moment, Deputy Mayor Rudy Nothenberg arrived for an 11 a.m. appointment with Moscone. Nothenberg looked in the mayor's office, did not see him, and walked into the small rear room. He saw the mayor lying on the floor, his head facing downward between the couch and a coffee table, his body bleeding badly.

Nothenberg raced out a side door and into the public corridor, shouting for police. White, meanwhile, headed for the suite of supervisors' offices on the opposite side of the building. He entered a main reception area, then went directly to Milk's office and asked: "Harvey, can I see you a minute?" Milk accompanied White to White's former office, where his nameplate had already been removed.

Dianne Feinstein, sitting near by at her desk, suddenly heard five slowly repeated shots. She picked up her telephone and called the police. White ran into the reception area, yelling: "Give me my keys! Give me my keys!" Somebody gave him the keys to his assistant's car. "He was a wild man—he was just a wild man," one witness said.

Within 35 minutes of the murders, White and his wife walked into



Moscone's blood-stained sitting room in office suite

a police station four blocks from city hall. It was, ironically, a station out of which White had once worked as a patrolman. He turned in a five-shot, snub-nosed Smith & Wesson Chiefs Special Revolver, nine expended shell casings and eight unexpended rounds of hollow-point ammunition. He spent some 90 minutes under questioning by homicide detectives, then was taken to an upstairs jail and booked. After visiting him there, Mrs. White left weeping.

The coroner reported that Moscone had been shot in the right lung and the liver, then twice in the head at extremely close range. Milk had been shot three times in the body, then twice in the head, also at close range. The nine shots meant that White had reloaded his revolver after killing the mayor. At his arraignment, a controlled but subdued White asked for more time to hire a lawyer and decide how to plead to charges of first-degree murder. He was given until this week to do so.

As the city went into mourning and held services for the victims of the trag-

edy, Supervisor Feinstein, who had twice run vainly for mayor, emerged as a calming, compassionate leader. "If there was ever a time for this city to pull itself together, this is that time," she pleaded. "We need to be together and bring out what is good in each of our hearts." She praised Moscone at a public service for never abandoning the poor, even, as the mayor had recently said, "now that it has become fashionable to be hard-line and ultrarealistic about social goals." She said of Milk: "His homosexuality gave him an insight into the scars which all oppressed peoples wear."

Milk, a native of New York who moved to San Francisco as a financial analyst in 1969 and later opened a successful camera shop, had been very frank about his homosexuality. At his swearing-in ceremony as supervisor last January, after other officials had introduced their wives, he had presented Jack Lira, 24, as "my lover—my partner in life." Lira committed suicide three months ago in a state of depression. In the remarkable tape recording predicting that he might be killed, Milk urged that if it happened, other gays should "turn that anger and frustration and madness into something positive so that hundreds will step forward, so that gay doctors will come out, gay lawyers, gay judges, gay bankers, gay architects. These are my strong requests, knowing that it could happen, hoping it doesn't."

As is often true in such tragedies, no one could believe that the man who did the killing was capable of such a deed. "I never thought he was at all unstable," said former Supervisor Terry Francois. "Just a normal young father," added another acquaintance. Intensely competitive, White had been captain of both the baseball and football teams and a Golden Gloves boxer while attending San Francisco's Woodrow Wilson High School. Son of a San Francisco fireman, he served in Viet Nam, then worked 3½ years as a policeman. He somehow managed to buy first an \$8,000 Jaguar, then a \$15,000 Porsche, before taking a leave of absence to hitchhike through the U.S. After joining the fire department in 1973, he was cited for heroism for rescuing a mother and her child from the 17th floor of a burning building. He was to have received the medal last week.

Mayor Moscone, whose father had been a guard at San Quentin and once showed his young son the gas chamber, had long opposed the death penalty. Last week the charges lodged against Dan White were carefully crafted to permit a court to decree that he must die for those murderous moments at city hall. ■



Moscone family photo taken for 1978 Christmas card

"We need to be together and bring out what is good."

"But Where Is What I Started For?"

"I think the place has gone crazy," said Assemblyman Willie Brown, coming out of the city hall, where Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk had just been murdered. Slipping from the City Lights bookstore, Poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti lamented the "pathogenic industrial civilization" and then wrote a poem: "A hush upon the landscape/ of the still wild West/ where two sweet dudes are dead/ and no more need be said." Cyra McFadden, whose book *The Serial* lampoons the insecure laid-back life in rich Marin County north of San Francisco, observed: "I had a good time with the kooks. Now I find I'm less and less amused, and more fearful." Usually ebullient Columnist

Herb Caen mourned: "What is it about San Francisco?"

The record of terrorism in the San Francisco area in the past decade is undeniably remarkable. In 1969 Charles Manson recruited his obsessed family from the flower children of Haight-Ashbury and led them to the slaughter of Actress Sharon Tate and seven others. Police still have not caught the self-proclaimed "Zodiac" killer who preyed on young lovers in the San Francisco area, claiming responsibility for 37 deaths between 1968 and 1974.

In 1973 the Symbionese Liberation Army murdered Oakland School Superintendent Marcus Foster with cyanide bullets. The

S.L.A. went on to kidnap Patricia Hearst and involve her in an armed bank robbery. Four of the group were killed in a fiery shootout with police in Los Angeles, televised live. During the same period, twelve whites were randomly shot by Black Muslim gunmen in the "Zebra" killings. Lynette ("Squeaky") Fromme, a former Manson family member, and Sara Jane Moore both tried to kill President Ford in 1975. The home of San Francisco Supervisor Dianne Feinstein, now acting mayor, was the target of a bomb in 1976. District Attorney Joseph Freitas' car was bombed the following year.

One explanation for the tradition of terror in California, and particularly in San Francisco, is that the area is a mecca for restless dreamers. The mark of the 1849 gold rush is still pervasive. Writes Kevin Starr in *Americans and the California Dream*: "The state remained, after all, a land characterized by an essential selfishness and an underlying instability, a fixation upon the quick acquisition of wealth, an impatience with the more subtle premises of human happiness." Of the 1960s, when some 1,000 people a day fled west, Joan Didion wrote in *Slouching Towards Bethlehem*: "Adolescents drifted from city to torn city, sloughing off both the past and the future as snakes shed their skins, children who were never taught and would never now learn the

games that had held the society together... San Francisco was where the social hemorrhaging was showing up."

Half of all Californians were born out of state, usually in places where they felt confined by traditions and roots. Says Stanford Psychiatrist Donald Lunde: "Many who come west might have been in trouble at home, lost their businesses or lost their families. They come here for a new start—or a last chance." San Francisco Examiner Editor Reg Murphy puts it: "This is every misfit's favorite city."

What the wanderer finds upon arrival is unsurpassed tolerance for every life-style, a bracing climate and stunning beauty. Most newcomers flourish; in fact, to the more inhibited East, there are signs of overflourishing. Proclaim ads for \$1,500 redwood hot tubs: "There's laughter, playful splashing, quiet conversations... it exactly fits the spirit of our time." Other new products include portable solar water heaters for backpackers, and organic dog food.

But despair in a paradise can be even deeper than in places where there are more concrete enemies or elements to fight. Walt Whitman ended his poem *Facing West from California's Shores*: "But where is what I started for so long ago?/ And why is it yet unfound?" Nathaniel West's classic parody of California madness, the mob scene in *The Day of the Locust*, shows the rage of those who fled the ordinariness of their lives. "Where else could they go but California, the land of sunshine and oranges?" he wrote. "Once there, they discovered that sunshine isn't enough."

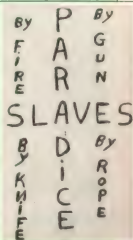
As a consequence, some reach even further out, discovering Far Eastern religions, sensitivity training workshops or holistic body maintenance. There is an emphasis on self-fulfillment that spawned what Tom Wolfe called "the Me Decade." Says Sex Counselor Nora La Corte: "Respecting the wisdom of the body leads to responsible hedonism and nurturance of the whole person by recharging one's energy for self-healing."

California has long been fertile ground for cults. As early as 1840, William Money, who claimed to have met Christ on the streets of New York City, came to California preaching the world was shaped like a fish. He offered miraculous healing powers, treated 5,000 patients, became involved in politics, and was finally exposed by the press.

Some never find salvation or happiness. San Francisco has the highest suicide rate and one of the highest alcoholism rates in the nation. Despite constant closed-circuit television monitoring, there have been 642 known fatal leaps from the Golden Gate Bridge. Last week, after the horror in Jonestown, the Suicide Prevention Center reported that the number of calls from desperate citizens had increased by 50%.



Patty Hearst poses as guerrilla



A postcard from "Zodiac"



"Squeaky" Fromme (left) in occult ritual

"Although San Francisco is plagued by terrorism, its overall violent crime rate last year, according to the FBI, was surpassed by 16 U.S. cities.

The Horror Lives On

A search for answers to the questions of Jonestown

The grisly remains of Jonestown's dead had been brought to the U.S. and stacked tidily in coffin-like aluminum transfer cases in a huge gray hangar at Delaware's Dover Air Force Base. The shacks and other buildings at the Jonestown commune in Guyana were shuttered and silent. Most of the 80 Jonestown survivors waited restlessly at the Victorian Park Hotel in Georgetown, pending a decision by Guyanese authorities on whether they would be allowed to leave or be held as witnesses, and in some cases defendants, in future murder trials.

The tragic saga of Jonestown was far from over. At Dover, teams of military pathologists, FBI technicians and civilian embalmers worked to identify the 911 corpses (the count now seemed official and final) and prepare them for burial or cremation. Yet the condition of the remains and the lack of fingerprint records for many victims meant the process was slow—and in many cases would prove futile. Autopsies were to be conducted on seven bodies: Cult Leader Jim Jones, Cult Physician Larry Schacht and five others selected at random. Officials decided that trying to pin down the precise cause of death for all victims would be impractical and pointless.

The Government had not yet decided what to do with the remains. Residents of Dover feared that unidentified or unclaimed bodies might be buried near their small town (pop. 28,500) in massive numbers and become a macabre shrine of sorts. Predicted Dover Mayor Charles A. Legates: "You could expect martyrdom, hordes of people making an annual pilgrimage on the anniversary of Jonestown. We just couldn't handle that."

Many of the victims' relatives hoped that the bodies that can be identified would be flown home for burial. But representatives of the relatives complained that many of them cannot afford the \$275 that Government officials estimate as the cost of moving each coffin from Delaware to burial sites on the West Coast.

The task of removing the bodies from Guyana and embalming them was expensive, but the Government would not yet predict the total costs. The fact that U.S. taxpayers were bearing the cost upset at least two Congressmen, Illinois Republican Philip Crane and Rhode Island Democrat Edward Beard. They publicly protested the use of federal funds (unofficial estimates of the cost have run as high as \$8 million) to transport and process the decayed remains. Said Crane: "Although the entire situation is deplorable, the responsibility to bring the loved ones back to the United States



Shuttering up Jim Jones' house

rests with the families, not the Federal Government." Crane demanded to know who in the State Department had authorized the operation (it was the decision of Secretary of State Cyrus Vance).

Law-enforcement agencies pressed on with their investigations. The FBI is trying to determine if there was a plan to kill Congressman Leo Ryan even before he went to Jonestown. In addition, the bureau was investigating the possibility that there are assassination squads made up of surviving cultists and a hit list left behind by Jones, as some defectors from the temple feared. The Secret Service, assuming that the President or Vice President might be on such a list, if one exists, joined the probe. Since some members of the temple in San Francisco refused to co-

operate with FBI interviewers, a federal grand jury will likely be convened to question them under oath.

The apprehensions about hit squads were fueled partly by statements from master self-publicist Mark Lane, who has made a career out of pushing assassination conspiracy theories and was one of the cult's lawyers. After being hired by Jones, Lane protested in a press release: "It makes me almost weep to see such an incredible experiment, with such vast potential for the human spirit and the soul of this country, to be cruelly assaulted by the intelligence operations." After the cultists gunned down Ryan and his four American companions, and then engaged in their act of self-destruction, Lane claimed he had known all along that Jones was unstable and that the temple members had rehearsed mass suicide. But he never warned Ryan and the others about the cult's potential for violence.

Last week Lane grabbed more headlines by claiming that he knew there was an \$11 million Peoples Temple fund set aside to assassinate defecting cultists, public officials and reporters who had somehow offended Jones. Lane said he even knew the numbers of the foreign bank accounts in which most of the funds were kept. He claimed that he had given this information to the FBI. That agency was checking out a variety of such reports but had not confirmed them.

Yet to be determined by investigators in the U.S. and Guyana was just how much cash, property and other assets still belonged to the cult and whether any of them could be seized as repayment for the costs the ritual of death had incurred. The temple's longtime lawyer, Charles Garry, said assets in Guyana might be used for this purpose but not those in the U.S. Said he: "I don't intend to let them get away with that. It's an ongoing church. Temple money is not subject to government interference."

Just what will happen to those who survived Jonestown, some only because they were luckily away from the commune at the fatal moments, is not at all clear. Eight of the more elderly survivors returned to the U.S. last week, after being released by police in Georgetown because they had committed no crimes and witnessed nothing that would help Guyanese authorities in their investigations. Grover Davis, 79, said he had jumped into a ditch when the suicides were ordered by Jones and pretended to be dead until everyone had left. Why? "Because I didn't want to die," he said. Hyacinth Thrash, 76, recalled that she had felt ill and had slept through the entire poison-taking ritual. When she awoke and saw no movement, she said, "I thought everybody had run off. I started crying and wailing. 'Why did they leave me? Why did they leave me?' And then she found out why." ■



A surviving family in Georgetown

Fears about assassination squads and hit lists.



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Nation

My Feeling for Father & this cause is a very happy one I can not think of anything that I would or could be happier with. Father is wonderful, clean, straight forward & Supernatural. I play no sexual games to jealous to play sexual games. I am not afraid to die but would like to die for a reason.

Rose Shelton

Another fault is that I miss soda, candy, pie, etc. which I shouldn't miss at all. The way I can prevent this is on agricultural Sunday work extra hard and I think everyone else should to because this produces more. Not only for sweet stuff do we only work for but to make our community become more advance.

Lisa Rodriguez, age 12

I used to think why was I born, why do people have to die, every time I think about it I cried. Now I'm ready to die for this cause.

Burnell Wilson

I really thought I was a bourgeoisie Black, who was making it. What I was really doing was killing our people all over the world. I was helping rape innocent women, children, stealing land, bombing beautiful colored people, black, yellow, brown, red, white. I cringe at the thought, but I will live with this because I know what a bitch I really am.

Leslie Wilson

How I feel about dying—I feel like being alone. I would like to stay around a little longer.

Syda Turner

I spend money in buying unnecessary things for my grandchildren such as clothes. I want to please you and one way I know is to please the Family and I'll go a long way to please them.

Aurora Rodriguez

I am hostile towards authority and the "reward and punishment system" and "fear motivation." I feel very lonely but I am satisfied with the fact that I am over the hill, 29 yrs old. I think the best use of sex at this time is to further the cause of Communism. Most days I wish I would vanish into thin air. Death is something I look forward to. My only objection is being away from people I care about & someone I'll miss, that's You.

Maureen Talley

would want to marry and I would get the love and attention I felt needed. This type of sick attitude makes me dangerous to socialism because I could be too easily used by any male I felt attracted to.

Evelyn Thomas

I fell guilty because I had money in the state and I did not turn it in. I am a andarch [anarchist] and I think I am a elcist [elitist].

Kecia Baisy, age 11

I wasted money buying cars and trucks, and I wasted money buying candy and soda pop, hamburgers, clothing that I didn't need. And I waste money buying gasoline and oil, waste money paying telephone bills, now Dad after hearing your teaching about how the tax off these above items help to keep our sisters and brothers in slavery I feel very guilty. Oh yes, I bought beer, whisky, cigars, cigarettes by the carton and I feel guilty.

Gabriel Thomas

I know I still follow you because you have the gift to protect me. I like to look strong but I know I'm weak.

Shirley Smith

It seems like when ever I have a good thought on my mind it usually boils down to having sex. I'm attracted to brothers, sisters and even some children. Sexually, I feel this is very bad. Dad all I can say is that I'm two people write now: one of them is a very humble and innocent persons, and the other one is a cruel and insensitive person that goes around with bad thoughts on his mind.

Preston Wade

The way I feel about you is that you are my Dad
I feel safe, loved by you, but I feel like a daughter who
can never come up to the standards of what you
expect me to be.

(1) 7/12/78/
Dear Dad,
these are my guilt's
I wasted money buying cars and
trucks, and I wasted money buying
candy and soda pop, hamburgers,

Anguishing Letters to Dad

"Death is something I look forward to"

The Rev. Jim Jones exhorted his followers over a loudspeaker in July to write him letters analyzing their attitudes toward elitism, anarchy, capitalism, socialism and their feelings about sex, authority and death. More than 200 of the letters—including one written on a scrap of cardboard from a milk carton—were found last week in a box on the porch of his cabin at Jonestown. They offer moving insights into the adherents' obsessive loyalty to their leader, whom they addressed as "Dad," and reveal minds bent upon self-abasement and sometimes self-destruction. The excerpts that follow use the spelling and punctuation of the original letters:

I feel that after this go on
I should be dealt with
as he is what level being
shot if needed
I love dad

I have to children now. They both mean so much to me. I want to give them security, but I also know I need them to be a security for me. I know I needed someone to share my life with because it seemed to be so lonely at times. It's the fault of too selfish parent. I know if they must die for Socialism it will be a most honorable death because dying for Peace Justice. Freedom for all is worth the struggle.

C. Wilhite

I don't respect Dad the way I should. I respect Dad out of fear of getting in trouble. Rather than respecting him for what he is, a Marxist Leninist. When I'm in a follower role and not in a supervisory role, I feel threatened that people are against me which isn't true and comes back to my elitism.

Eugene Smith

One of my biggest problems I feel is my inability to cope with rejection. I wanted to make it in society so I could completely make myself over so that some guy



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Nation

Paranoia And Delusions

The survivors describe the dementia of Jim Jones

He would force a child to eat his own vomit. He banned sexual activity between Peoples Temple members but was voraciously bisexual himself and obsessed with bragging about the size of his penis. He was addicted to drugs and had nurses bleed him and provide him with oxygen for imagined illnesses.

These examples of the Rev. Jim Jones' paranoia and delusions surfaced last week in a 215-page manuscript that was made public by former temple member Jeannie Mills in San Francisco and in further interviews in Guyana with stunned survivors of the mass suicide at Jonestown.

After he moved his church from Indiana to California in 1965, Jones' mental condition seemed to deteriorate rapidly. In 1973, eight members fled the commune because of his ban against sex between cult members. Calling 30 associates to his home, Jones declared: "Something terrible has happened. Eight people have defected. In order to keep our apostolic socialism, we should all kill ourselves and leave a note saying that because of harassment, a socialist group cannot exist at this time." He did not go ahead with the plan, but from that time on, Jones periodically conducted fake suicide rituals.

The ban on sex did not apply to Jones; he would brag about his own conquests, male and female. He once boasted that he had sex with 14 women and two men on the same day. He claimed that he detested homosexual activity and was only doing it for the male temple adherents' own good—to connect them symbolically with himself. Some indeed shared his view; the cult's doctor in Guyana, Larry Schacht, used to brag about having intercourse with Jones. Jones took pleasure in forcing female followers to ridicule their husbands' sexual ability.

Temple Attorney Charles Garry says Jones was obsessed with a custody fight for a boy he claimed was his own. The child, John, was born in 1972 to Grace Stoen, who with her husband Timothy was one of Jones' top associates. At Jones' behest, Timothy Stoen signed an affidavit declaring that he had personally requested that the child be sired by "the most compassionate, honest and courageous human being the world contains." The Stoens now deny that Jones was the father and won legal custody of the child last year after a court fight. But Jones refused to let him leave Guyana. Just before Jones' death he told a newsman that the fear of losing the child prevented him from returning home. After the suicides, the child was found dead next to Jones' body.

Jones first visited Guyana in 1962 on his way to Brazil, where he lived for two



The Rev. Jim Jones shaking hands with Mayor George Moscone in 1976

"*Lenin died with a bullet in his body and so will I.*"

years. When his paranoia, fueled by unfavorable press reports, led him to move his community from San Francisco in 1977, Guyana was a logical choice. Its socialism matched what he conceived to be his own communal-agrarian ideals. Prime Minister Forbes Burnham told *TIME* last week: "I feel what may have attracted him was that we had said we wanted to use cooperatives as the basis for the establishment of socialism, and maybe his idea of setting up a commune meshed with that." Guyana had its own motives in making the commune welcome: it wanted immigrants to develop its hinterland and fortify its border with Venezuela. For the Americans, Guyana offered the additional advantage of being an English-speaking country.

One of the temple's strong advocates within the Guyanese government was Viola Burnham, the Prime Minister's wife. According to diplomats in Georgetown, Guyanese officials seemed to find it was in their best interest politically to offer assistance to the cult and even contribute financially. Medicine, building materials, U.S. currency and guns were imported for the commune with little interference from local customs officials.

Jones increasingly claimed that he was physically ill, and he stressed his health problems in a document prepared for Prime Minister Burnham. Attorney Garry was told by Jones' personal doctor that the cult leader suffered from recurrent temperatures of 105° and a fungus in his lungs. But several survivors, including Tim Carter, a Jones lieutenant, say his complaints were lies. The result of the autopsy conducted by Guyanese officials on Jones has not been released. But Guyanese-born Dr. Hardat A. Sukhdeo, dep-

uty chairman of clinical psychiatric services at New Jersey Medical School, who flew to Jonestown to help counsel survivors, says the report shows no evidence of disease. Says Dr. Sukhdeo: "The complaints were all part of Jones' progressively suicidal depression." According to survivors, Jones regularly dosed himself with tranquilizers and painkillers, including Valium and morphine sulphate. Tim Carter told Dr. Sukhdeo that the night before the massacres and suicides, Jones was babbling incoherently.

One of Jones' final delusions was that he would move his cult to the Soviet Union. A delegation from the commune talked twice with Feodor Timofeyev, the Soviet press attaché in Georgetown, about a possible move, but a memo of that meeting shows the Russians offered little encouragement. Russian consular officials and a Russian doctor also visited Jonestown, which was the object of a favorable report by Tass. In the past few months, Russian language classes were held at the commune. Members had to recite Russian phrases, like "good morning," before receiving their rice-and-gravy meals.

On the day of the suicides, Jones' secretary ordered Carter and two other close aides to take a suitcase containing \$500,000 in small bills and a letter to the Russian embassy. Because the case was too heavy, Carter says they buried it in the jungle. They later gave themselves up to Guyanese police, who now have possession of the money and letter.

Jones' dream of moving the commune to Russia may have stemmed from his delusion that he was the reincarnation of Lenin. Indeed, he once told Jeannie Mills in California: "Lenin died with a bullet in his body and so will I."

Following the Leader

How cults lure the drifting and discontented—and keep them

“Would you like to know what the meaning of life is?” That is an offer hard to refuse, especially when it is made by bright-eyed, neatly dressed youths who radiate assurance and confidence. Such a street scene has become a frequent occurrence in cities across the U.S. as swarms of cults—some new, some old, some familiar, some obscure—try to recruit new members. They know that in rootless, permissive, mobile America, many people are desperately searching for meaning and stability in their lives.

Cults such as Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church, Scientology, Synanon, Hare Krishna and Children of God offer a refuge from the storms of the world. They purport to know the truth of existence, which members promise is available to anyone willing to submit to the discipline of the sect.

People who are drifting and discontented can find instant comradeship and a sense of self-worth in a cult. Says Dean Kelley, director of religious liberty for the National Council of Churches: “Adolescents who have been ignored by their families and their peers find themselves the center of attention of an attractive group of young people who spend hours talking and working with them.” This is not just an American phenomenon. Similar groups have sprung up in Western Europe and Japan. Writes Byong-Suh Kim, chairman of the sociology department at New Jersey's Montclair College: “Japanese society has become highly fragmented and materialistic, making young people long for communal solidarity with an authoritarian figure and specific behavior guidelines.”

Cults can differ considerably in their demands and discipline; not all indulge in coercion or violence. Still, many conform to a standard pattern of behavior. Once a recruit is drawn into a cult—ad-

herents prefer to call it a sect or denomination—its message is incessantly drummed in. The novice is seldom left alone, a prey to random thoughts. Ties are severed with his past life; communications with family and friends may be eliminated altogether, a process that critics regard as “programming” or “brainwashing,” says Kelley: “These movements divide families, split communities, create tension and friction and turmoil. They are aggressive, abrasive, unheeding of any consideration but the propagation of the true faith.”

Larry Spencer, who defected from the Hare Krishna sect in San Diego, told TIME how he was programmed: “They wake you up at 4 a.m. and you start chanting over and over. You're not really there, you're so tired. They pile on the spiritual answers, but you don't have enough time to think about whether they make sense. Every activity you do is what they tell you to do. I always got along with my parents. I was real close to them. But they told me that my parents were influenced by demons. That was very hard to take.”

At the head of most cults is a father figure, who may be called the “Second Messiah,” like Sun Myung Moon, or just plain “Dad,” like Jim Jones. Sometimes, reinforcing psychological domination with physical coercion, the leader provides peace of mind for his followers at the cost of their independence. “I am not bound by the rules,” says Synanon Founder Chuck Dederich. “I make them.” For the leader it is a spectacular ego trip; for his followers, a release from anxiety. Small wonder that so many have a zombie-like look that shocks outsiders.

The cults preach love but often practice hate. Anyone who challenges their dogma or defects from the cult becomes an enemy deserving of punishment, which varies in severity, depending on the sect.


The more pacific Moonies rely on moral suasion to keep supporters in line and opponents at bay. Two Synanon members, on the other hand, were charged by police in Los Angeles with putting a rattlesnake in a mailbox in an attempt to kill Attorney Paul Morantz, who had won a \$300,000 judgment against the sect. Morantz was bitten by the snake, but survived after hospital treatment. At last week's end, Synanon's Chuck Dederich was arrested in Lake Havasu City, Ariz., on charges of conspiring to commit murder and assault, and of solicitation to commit murder. Both charges, brought by the District Attorney of Los Angeles County, were in connection with the rattlesnake episode. Eleven Scientology leaders are under federal indictment accusing them of conspiracy to infiltrate, bug and burglarize Government agencies in an effort to discredit critics.

The cults have amassed impressive wealth. When Scientology Founder L. Ron Hubbard was still a science fiction writer in 1949, a colleague recalled his saying, “Writing for a penny a word is ridiculous. If a man really wanted to make a million dollars, the best way would be to start his own religion.” Today Scientology is worth an estimated \$50 million. Having earned a salary of \$100,000 last year, Dederich once admitted that while other leaders might make do with an old Ford, “I need a \$17,000 Cadillac.” Far from resenting their leaders' lush lifestyle, many cult members seem to take pride in it. Alluding to Moon's two yachts and \$750,000 home in Tarrytown, N.Y., a Moonie reasons, “Why must a religious leader be an ascetic?”

Much of the cults' funds come from members. Explains Neil Salonen, who is the U.S. leader of Moon's Unification Church: “When you have a rebirth, it is accompanied by a certain amount of zeal, and it is out of this zeal that you want to give everything that you have.” If zeal is missing, there are other ways of raising money. The Unification Church has sanctioned lying for the good of the cause. A defecting Moonie, Denise Peskin, described how she made the rounds of bars in San Francisco asking for contributions for some fictional project like a drug abuse center. Says she: “It is a condition of faith that if you give money, you will be saved.”

Despite their dubious and sometimes deadly activities, the cults have remained pretty much outside the law. Evidence emerged last week that the U.S. State Department had been given ample warning of the impending catastrophe at Jonestown but had not acted decisively. Deborah Layton Blakey, sister of Larry Layton, the commune's alleged executioner, sent the department an eleven-page statement detailing Jones' paranoia and brutality, the suicide drills, the weapons present in the camp, the malnutrition and sickness that were rampant, and the state





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Nation

of fear in which most of the inhabitants lived. She claims that the commune had three days' warning that a representative of the U.S. embassy in Georgetown was about to investigate the complaints. On Jones' orders, members were well dressed for the occasion, and good food was put on the table. "A visit was the only time we ate well," says Blakey. Wearing skimpy halter tops, commune women were instructed to flirt with the embassy official to keep his mind off the investigation. His report was not critical.

In their defense, State Department officials contend that there was little they could do about Jonestown because no residents complained about conditions there. Law enforcement agencies are reluctant to tangle with groups that can claim the protection of the U.S. Constitution's provision on religious freedom, and in recent years the courts have expanded this protection. At the same time, partly because of abuses by some agents during the Watergate era, the FBI has been sharply restricted in its undercover activities. FBI agents argue that the only way they could have found out what was happening in

Jonestown was to infiltrate the commune. Had that become known, says an agent, "can't you just hear the roar?"

If a cult or its members violate federal laws, the FBI can of course step in. The most obvious charge would be kidnapping: keeping a member against his will. But invariably when the FBI has investigated such a charge, agents have been told by the supposedly kidnapped person that he or she was perfectly content to stay in the cult. Says Robert Keuch, a U.S. deputy assistant attorney general who is familiar with sects and their practices: "What may be brainwashing to a parent or other relative may be belief to the alleged victim."

The Federal Government, however, has some ways of coping with the cults. At the moment an interagency task force, including members of the FBI, the IRS, the SEC and the State Department, is being organized to investigate the financial transactions of the Moonies. The group will try to determine if Moon sought tax exemption for religious organizations that were set up mainly for business profits or

if Moonies had failed to register as foreign agents when they were actually performing that role.

Even if cults are not especially inhibited by the law, they do meet with other kinds of resistance. For example, they have not enjoyed notable success in many parts of the American Midwest. Explains Arthur McKay, former pastor of Cincinnati's Knox Presbyterian Church: "We are on the edge of the Bible Belt and have fairly conservative fundamentalists in quite substantial numbers. Kids who find the so-called liberalism of the mainline churches not to their liking already have available alternatives." Where a religious or secular structure with strong values exists, the cults have less opportunity to make converts. Over the years, they tend to wax and wane, subject to a harsh winnowing process, a religious equivalent of the survival of the fittest. Established church leaders like to cite a prophecy in the *Book of Acts*: "Refrain from these men [the early Christians] and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought: But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it."

The Press Abroad: Aghast

IS SATAN DEAD? This stark headline on the cover of London's prestigious *Economist* was typical of the foreign press reaction to the Jonestown massacre. As so often happens in moments of great American triumph or tragedy, the world press gasped, grimaced and then gushed forth explanations. Several foreign weeklies published long stories on both the deaths of 911 Peoples Temple members and on the general phenomenon of cults in the U.S. Surprisingly, only the Communist press used Jonestown as an occasion for lashing at U.S. society as a whole.

The *Economist* struck the most sobering note. Attributing the rise of modern cults to the decline of traditional religious belief among educated people, the weekly observed: "What happened in Jonestown, Guyana, is a ghoulis cautionary tale for these people who, in these differing ways, are seeking God in a secular world. In that search for God, it is all too easy to blunder into the arms of Satan instead." Added the Vatican newspaper *L'Osservatore Romano*: "Christianity is a religion of life, not of death." West Germany's *Stuttgarter Zeitung* philosophized less cosmically: "It was not just a symptom of America or its system's shortcomings. Mystic sects and pseudoreligious groups exist in this part of the world as well and in worrisome numbers. The Jonestown deaths pose the vital question of whether in our modern way of life our institutions provide a sense of sufficient stability." Commented Tokyo's daily *Asahi Shimbun*: "The Guyana incident is a ghastly reminder of how fanaticism born of the contradictions of modern society can destroy human beings."

Inevitably, the peculiarly American and Californian ambience caught the eye of many foreign observers. California, noted the *Statesman* of India with considerable accuracy, is "the home of a hundred strange cults from the merely dotty to the disgusting." A reflection along similar lines prompted Columnist Mustafa Amin of Egypt's *al-Akhbar* to wonder why Jones had not been stopped earlier by the police or the CIA. Yet France's daily *Le Monde*, which is frequently critical of American policy, found the massacre "un-

American." Said the paper: "It would have been inconceivable, and without doubt unrealizable on the victims' own soil, with or without their consent. It was necessary to uproot them, to transport them to the heart of the jungle, to transform them into prisoners of a delirious faith in a messiah, who in the end would give free rein to his instincts for domination and death for them to become self-destructive robots." Perhaps reflecting a recent, anti-leftist trend among French intellectuals, the weekly *Le Nouvel Observateur* thought that the massacre epitomized "the insanity of totalitarianism in the guise of the clerical spirit."

For Moscow, by contrast, the story was, as *Pravda* put it, "one more page illustrating the tragic fate of American dissidents who could not find a place for themselves in America." The Soviets made no martyr of Jones, however, describing him as "a skillful, cynical operator who cannily took advantage of the massive disillusionment of Americans with their government and the whole American way of life."

But few foreign judgments could match in poignancy that of a Lebanese newsmen as he gazed at the grim pictures from Jonestown. Said he: "We've been committing mass suicide for the past four years now. So what's new?"



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The alert sounds. Three minutes later, half a dozen M60 tanks of the U.S. 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment roll out of observation post "Alpha" near Fulda, West Germany, to assigned positions just a few yards from the East German border. Another alert blares at Ramstein Air Base, south of Frankfurt. There U.S. airmen in flight suits jump out of bed and slide down a pole to a hangar as ground crews dash to prepare F-4E Phantoms. In less than three minutes, the fighters are on the runway, ready to intercept approaching Soviet warplanes.

These scramblings of combat units are routine practice drills, but they are being held with increasing frequency and without warning as part of a major effort to upgrade U.S. NATO forces. How this effort is succeeding will be carefully analyzed this week at NATO headquarters in Brussels, where the defense and foreign ministers from the alliance's 15 nations meet at separate annual autumn conferences.

Though serious problems continue to plague NATO, the gloom of two years ago is lifting. At that time, two key Senators warned that the Soviet-led Warsaw Pact alliance was growing so strong that it might be able to launch a surprise attack and sweep to the Rhine within 48 hours. While a number of U.S. officers and military experts dismissed this scenario as too pessimistic, few doubted that NATO was in trouble. Not only had Viet Nam received the Pentagon's top priority for nearly a decade, but during the 1973 Middle East war, much of the best military equipment assigned to U.S. forces in Europe was rushed to the Israelis as emer-

gency resupplies. Says Robert Komer, Adviser to the Secretary of Defense on NATO Affairs: "We let our capabilities to help defend Western Europe run down badly."

Bolstering the U.S. forces in Europe began during the Ford Administration. The major impetus, however, has come from Jimmy Carter. For one thing, he told the Pentagon to focus on NATO and strengthen the 285,000 U.S. troops deployed in Europe. For another, he persuaded the allies to endorse a Long Term Defense Program designed to meet the needs of the 1980s. As part of this effort, NATO governments have pledged to increase their defense spending by 3% a year, after adjustment for inflation. Carter, in last week's press conference, reaffirmed that "our goal is to increase the real level of defense expenditures."

Higher outlays are considered necessary because NATO remains outmanned and outgunned by the Warsaw Pact in the strategically crucial central and northern European regions. To the 626,000 troops fielded by NATO, the East Europeans have 943,000; to NATO's 7,000 tanks and 2,700 artillery pieces, the East has 21,000 and 10,000 respectively. In warplanes, where NATO once enjoyed a commanding lead, it now lags 2,375 vs. 4,055.

The Warsaw Pact's strength continues to grow. But Washington's new stress

on NATO has begun showing such encouraging results that U.S. generals now think that the East's ability to mount a successful blitz is decreasing. NATO Commanding General Alexander Haig told TIME: "You don't do these things overnight. In 1975 we designed a series of flexibility studies to improve our reaction time and enhance the alliance. We came up with about 900 findings and they served as a basis for our program."

The key gains by U.S. forces so far

Newer planes. Some of the Air Force's squadrons are being bolstered with ultra-modern F-15 Eagles, widely regarded as the world's best fighter. Many

Phantoms, meanwhile, have been fitted with advanced missiles and targeting devices.

One of the most valuable new contributions to the West's airpower is AWACS (Airborne Warning and Control System). NATO's purchase of 18 of these \$128.5 million Boeing 707s cleared a major hurdle two weeks ago when it was okayed by a key committee of West Germany's Bundestag. Designed as an airborne command post, AWACS can detect enemy planes from as far away as 400 miles and then coordinate attacks against them. Says General John W. Pauly, commander of U.S. Air Forces in Europe: "With AWACS, our air defense becomes about 500% more effective."

Also boosting effectiveness are the 15 additional KC-135 Stratotankers to be sent to Europe next year, which permit more U.S. warplanes to stay aloft longer.

Greater firepower. The two U.S. armored cavalry regiments stationed on the East



NATO Commander Haig

Practicing the rapid reinforcement of allied troops in Germany, battle-ready GIs arrive from the U.S. for exercises

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Nation



U.S. M60 tank in action during autumn war games in West Germany

Top-rated gunners are trained to hit five enemy targets in 20 seconds.

German border have been replacing their aging Sheridan tanks with factory-fresh M60s. These fire faster and more accurately than the Sheridans and carry the latest night-fighting devices. U.S. antitank capability has been bolstered by ten helicopter companies, each with 21 new Cobras, armed with the TOW missile. U.S. ground forces are receiving extra field guns and a new multipurpose artillery shell that combines a large explosive force with armor-piercing ability.

A more forward strategy. To avoid being caught far from the front in a blitz attack, a number of U.S. units have been shifted closer to the East German border. The most important redeployment is the transfer, still under way, of the 2nd Armored Division's powerful "Forward" Brigade from Grafenwöhr in the south to a new base outside Bremen. These are the first U.S. combat units to be permanently stationed in the North German Plain since the Occupation era. In this perfect tank country, through which invaders from the east are expected to come, the U.S. reinforces West German, British and Dutch troops. Some U.S. Air Force squadrons have also moved north onto little-used German bases.

Faster reaction time. U.S. units on the central front no longer have to spend hours picking up and loading ammunition after receiving warning of an attack. Instead, a large portion of U.S. combat vehicles and aircraft are kept permanently loaded, even though this increases the risk of accidents. At the 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment's base in Fulda, for example, helicopters, tanks, armored personnel carriers and scout cars are fully armed and lined up for swift departure. Says Colonel Robert Sunell, the regiment's commander: "I won't tell you how fast I can move this regiment out of its barracks, but it's damned fast. And we shave time every day." Because ammunition is now stored in forward areas, combat vehicles

no longer have to return to the rear for new supplies. This has cut reloading time by five to ten hours.

Not only are U.S. planes getting into the air faster, but they can fly extra sorties because they are being "turned around" more quickly by ground crews. After extensive practice at reloading and refueling F-4 Phantoms, crews now have the jets ready for takeoff on another mission within 30 minutes, compared with 60 minutes two years ago.

More reinforcements sooner. Once hostilities seem imminent or begin, NATO depends on rapid reinforcement from the U.S. In a true blitz, however, resupplies might arrive too late to be of much help. To prevent this, large quantities of equipment earmarked for units that would arrive from the U.S. are being stored in West Germany. In the first days of a crisis, therefore, transport planes could carry troops almost exclusively, rather than bulky weapons, ammunition and vehicles.

"We've still got a long way to go," says General George Blanchard, commander of the NATO-based U.S. Seventh Army, "but we want troops from the States to come here with just their battle gear and personal belongings. The rest would be waiting for them here; much of it already is." As a result, Haig estimates that the number of U.S. combat brigades that could be rushed to Europe within 30 days has doubled.

Safer supplies. U.S. ammunition depots and even aircraft used to sit out in the open in West Germany, vulnerable to attack. Now all U.S. warplanes are tucked safely inside \$550,000 concrete and steel hangars. These are capable of withstanding a direct hit from a 500-lb bomb. Many command posts, ammunition dumps and fuel depots have been similarly hardened.

Tougher training. U.S. forces in Europe train more frequently and in more realistic circumstances than in the past. Surprise alerts sound at any moment of the

day or night, sending troops racing to their posts. During the exercises, communications and electronic systems are deliberately jammed, just as they would be by the Soviets in a real war.

One elaborate new training aid, using lasers, allows tank crews to practice with live ammunition on their own bases rather than on distant firing ranges. The increased drills have sharpened the skills of tank gunners, who now receive a top rating for being able to hit between three and five targets in 20 seconds.

Pilots train for about ten hours daily. Part of the time is spent in the classroom discussing new combat techniques and the latest intelligence about Soviet air tactics. Much practicing, however, takes place in the cockpit, either airborne or with a simulator duplicating the flight situation. A new program known as "dissimilar training" teaches U.S. pilots to fly in formation with planes of other NATO members, thus providing a versatility that could prove valuable during an emergency.

Closer compatibility. With each NATO member equipping its own armed forces, the alliance contains a myriad of incompatible weapons systems. While nationalistic pride will probably continue to prevent full standardization, there have been gains in what NATO jargon terms interoperability. Two years ago, for example, few of the airbases in NATO countries could service any but their own warplanes. By next year, most bases will be able to accommodate all NATO aircraft. This is being achieved through extensive training of ground crews, stocking bases with a wide range of spare parts and ammunition and doing such deceptively simple things as designing nozzles to fit the gas tanks of all NATO planes.

Equally important has been the integration of some of the alliance's communications systems. Says one U.S. Air Force general: "Previously, we did not even have proper coordination between



U.S. infantrymen in West Germany

Nation

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

The Crux of Leadership

ground and air units in case of war. It's hard to believe, but it was true."

Other gains in compatibility are planned. After intense and sometimes heated negotiations between Bonn and Washington, the U.S. seems ready to put a 120-mm West German gun on most models of its new XM1 main battle tank. Bonn is considering giving its Leopard II tank an American engine.

Many U.S. Army units, meanwhile, are now "married" to neighboring foreign forces. This means that commanders exchange one another's platoons for weeks. As Private First Class Sam Neighbors of the 1st Infantry Division puts it, "It's a damn good idea to personally know the guys who will be next to you in battle."

These improvements in the U.S. forces have made Haig "cautiously optimistic" about NATO's ability to defend Western Europe. But enormous problems remain. Despite the more integrated communications, for example, NATO's 15 members still use 15 different radio bands. This means that units of one ally cannot plug into another's tactical radio network. Completely unifying the system, however, is a project that could cost billions of dollars. Logistics, especially the resupplying of units after combat begins, is "a horrible mishmash," according to an Administration strategist. While it would be possible, in time of crisis, to strengthen a German division with a Belgian battalion, this unit would continue to be supplied by the Belgians, even down to rations. As a first step toward untangling the potential mess, NATO has created the post of Assistant Secretary General for Logistics.

Chemical warfare is also a worry. Soviet armored vehicles have been specially designed to operate on a chemically contaminated battlefield and Soviet troops have been training extensively to fight on one. Warns a U.S. general: "The Soviet ability to use chemicals to debilitate our forces worries me more than Russian nukes." While the U.S. has begun issuing protective gear to its ground and air forces, General Haig stresses that "we have to do a great deal more. Where we are critically deficient is in our ability to deter a chemical attack because we do not have the capability to respond in kind. We have to face up to this fact."

The most serious threat confronting U.S. and allied troops along the central European front, however, is the Warsaw Pact's simple numerical superiority of men and weapons. Next year the U.S. plans to shift to Europe another 8,000 combat troops, three artillery battalions and additional electronic warfare and communications equipment. But these measures, like those taken so far, are only the start. NATO's long-range success depends upon the willingness of the alliance's members, especially the U.S., to bear high defense costs at a time of economic difficulty. ■

One of Jimmy Carter's advisers insists that there is a new and different fervor now in the presidential eye when he talks about inflation. "He will listen to you on almost any subject," this man says, "but on inflation he will talk back." The special spark may have been struck, believes this Carter friend, on a spring morning when Speaker Tip O'Neill rumbled in to breakfast and snorted, "All the people in my district want to talk about is prices. We are going to have to do something."

To one of Carter's top economists, what has happened is a textbook case of basic decisions emerging from a confluence of forces. He believes that not only did the economic figures push the President into action, but it suddenly became clear that Carter's political survival depended on an all-out effort to control inflation.

Yet a third Carter intimate likens the President to a man who for almost two years was watching a play through a partially opened curtain. "Those two years were hairy," he declares, "but now the curtain has been opened all the way, and Carter sees the whole stage. He is a natural for this battle."

Whatever the causes, the change that appears to be occurring in Carter's presidency is of such a magnitude that nobody can accurately calibrate it just now—perhaps not until 1980. He has changed emphasis from spending to saving, switched priorities from treating unemployment to imposing economic restraint. He has engaged the entire structure of his Administration in the issue.

Inflation looms like a giant thunderhead on his horizon. His concern shades almost every other consideration (with the exception of defense), focusing the President's energies as never before and relegating some of his evangelism on such things as tax reform and Government reorganization to the dim corners, if not oblivion. Carter has been compelled to choose, the very crux of leadership. He has declared inflation the principal adversary of America. He has chosen the battleground and marshaled all of his considerable energy and talent for the effort.

In a sense Carter seems at last to have experienced "his Bay of Pigs," the kind of crisis that historians tell us bares the true stuff of Presidents, forcing them to search out the bedrock of their own convictions, to urge the nation toward the same conclusions, to make decisions that totally involve the presidential mind and heart: decisions that, if waffled later, could produce national trauma and personal political eclipse.

A lot is being written these days on leadership by such experts as Rutgers' Emmet John Hughes and Williams' James MacGregor Burns. A common thread that binds their thoughtful expositions is that successful leadership is a state of mind, not a speech; it is a hundred decisions, not a single act. Leadership is a march down a long road, not always in a straight line, but always directed toward some distant landmark. Finally, leadership involves total belief and commitment.

The lack of belief and commitment in his own words and proposals severely damaged Carter for nearly two years, and that record still hampers his command. But at the White House last week almost every nerve and sinew was engaged in budget cutting, and men like Chairman Charles Schultze of the Council of Economic Advisers could say that Carter's commitment "is 100%," even if across Lafayette Park in the U.S. Chamber of Commerce headquarters and elsewhere they were waiting for proof of the new resolution. The cold facts are that up until now, Jimmy Carter has not made this kind of fundamental decision and pervasive commitment on such an important issue.

Carter's long-suffering trade counselor, Robert Strauss, believes that the Carter inflation fight will be a Camp David performance raised to the tenth power. The moment for action, the seasoning of Carter, his special qualities of determination, attention to detail and tenacity have combined, says Strauss, for a successful assault on public enemy No. 1—inflation. The proof that Carter can successfully lead the conquest of inflation lies ahead. But the early signs are encouraging.



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Gathering at Hsi Tan "democracy wall," citizens read wall posters critical of Chairman Mao Tse-tung

CHINA

Peking's Poster Politics

An outbreak of democratic feelings—orchestrated by Teng Hsiao-p'ing

"If the masses feel some anger, we must let them express it." With those words, spoken to a visiting Japanese politician, China's diminutive Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-p'ing put an official stamp of approval on the extraordinary eruption of political expression that had gripped Peking for the past two weeks. In an atmosphere reminiscent of London's lively Hyde Park Speakers' Corner, the voices of young orators demanding "true freedom, true democracy and true human rights" echoed through the early winter dusk. Thousands filed past "democracy wall" at the intersection of Chang An Avenue and Hsi Tan Street to inspect wall posters castigating some members of the ruling Politburo, policies decreed by the

sainted Great Helmsman, the late Mao, and by implication, China's Chairman and Premier, Hua Kuo-feng.

At week's end Chinese authorities appeared to be putting the lid on this unprecedented outburst of free expression, which was seemingly confined to the country's capital. One poster went up saying that informal exchanges between foreigners and the masses should be ended for the sake of national unity. Gradually, the crowds at "democracy wall" grew smaller and less demonstrative. Yet even if there were no more public challenges to Maoist orthodoxy, foreign observers were left with two distinct impressions. One was that Peking's outbreak of poster politics had been tacitly authorized by the leadership of the Communist Party. The

other was that the pragmatic policies of Teng, now the dominant leader of the world's most populous nation, enjoyed wide support among the Chinese masses.

The poster campaign was the most dramatic expression of popular feeling in Peking since the death of Mao in 1976. In the largest single incident, 6,000 demonstrators, marching 30 abreast, paraded through the streets chanting slogans seldom heard in the People's Republic since the Communist takeover in 1949: "Long live democracy! We will never turn back!" Their destination was T'ien An Men Square, site of what had up to now been the most extraordinary political happening in China's recent past. In April 1976, throngs had congregated there to protest the removal of wreaths left at Martyrs'

Passersby scrutinize "Open Letter" to party committee members



A Chinese worker pasting up a poster in Peking last week



Monument in honor of the late Premier Chou En-lai, who had rehabilitated Teng from the disgrace he suffered during the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution of 1966-69. The gathering soon ignited into violence, and hundreds of demonstrators were beaten and jailed. In the wake of the event, Mao had personally purged Teng, whom he blamed for the pro-Chou demonstration. Soon thereafter, Hua claims, the aging Chairman endorsed him as his successor.

The crowds that marched last week did not turn violent, but their enthusiasm made clear their intent. As one young speaker exhorted: "There has never been a better chance to say what we think than now." Through the rallies, through the posters, through talks with Western journalists and diplomats, the demonstrators showed their support for Teng's Four Modernizations, a program designed to upgrade Chinese agriculture, science and technology, industry and defense, in part through increased trade and cultural contacts with the West. Teng's modernization program, in fact, was the focus of a secret meeting last week of the Politburo of the Communist Party.

In pointed speeches and wall posters, scrawled on everything from notebook paper to huge screeds, protesters called for the purging of Politburo members known to oppose Teng's modernization effort. **BLAST HIM OUT, THIS INSECT**, read one poster attacking Wang Tung-hsing, head of the secret police and once commander of Mao's personal bodyguards. **DON'T TRUST HIM**, read another poster concerning Wu Teh, whom Teng had ousted as mayor of Peking only a few weeks ago. Other posters urged the rehabilitation of such victims of Maoist rigidity as former Head of State Liu Shao-ch'i and ex-Defense Minister Peng Te-huai.

In unprecedented encounters between ordinary Chinese citizens and Western reporters (see box) the demonstrators presented a set of bolder demands, which they hoped the journalists would relay to their leaders. Among other things, the demonstrators wanted a fit memorial to be established for Chou. They demanded a "fair and open trial" for Mao's widow Chiang Ch'ing and her comrades in the notorious Gang of Four, who are blamed for the excesses of the Cultural Revolution. They wanted a guarantee that "democracy wall" would be enshrined as a forum for unrestricted political debate.

Many of these petitions were made directly to visiting Political Columnist Robert Novak, who next day was granted an interview with Teng. Leaving no doubt that he is firmly in command of China's destiny, the 74-year-old Vice Premier spoke freely and with assurance on

a broad range of topics. Commending the zeal of the protesters, he nevertheless warned against carrying the criticisms of Mao too far. "Every Chinese knows that without Chairman Mao there would have been no new China," he said. "In the process of achieving the Four Modernizations, we must be good at comprehensively and accurately grasping and applying Mao Tse-tung thought." He renounced any intention of seeking Hua's position as Premier, asserting that he could have had the job by now, but had turned it down. He also dropped a tantalizing hint for U.S. policymakers: Taiwan could retain its non-Communist social and economic system if it was reunified with the mainland. That statement was warmly hailed by American diplomats. Said a spokesman for the U.S. liaison office in Peking: "It is a positive

though few experts believe that the protesters would have denounced either Mao or Hua without Teng's permission, he chided the author of a wall poster that described Mao as being "70% good and 30% bad." Said Teng: "Mao was better than that. I myself am only 60% good and 40% bad."

When the campaign was at its height, Chairman Hua was silent, unseen by Westerners. With the jaunty confidence of a man in charge, Teng emphasized that there would not be an internecine party struggle and that there would be no firings from the Politburo, despite the posters calling for purges. "The party Central Committee headed by Comrade Hua Kuo-feng," he told a Japanese visitor, "is united and fully confident of carrying through the Four Modernizations."

The posters and demonstrations left little doubt that Teng had a popular base of support should he choose to restructure China's leadership by seizing the premiership. When a British journalist asked a group of Peking citizens whom they would vote for as Premier if there were free elections, they quickly shouted back the answer: "Teng Hsiao-p'ing! Teng Hsiao-p'ing!" Teng himself dismissed the calls for his elevation in an oblique, Olympian answer that was worthy of Mao himself. "This is a normal thing and shows the stable situation in our country. To write big-character posters is allowed by our country's constitution." We have no right to deny this or to criticize the masses for making use of democracy. It is wonderful to see the ability to distinguish right from wrong and the conscientious care for the destiny of the country shown by the overwhelming majority of the masses of the Chinese people."

At week's end, Western experts were still trying to explain the sudden burst of free expression in a society notorious for its rigidity and repression. If the poster campaign was not calculated to push forward Teng's ambitions, what then was its purpose? One answer from Sinologists was that this calculated political performance was inspired by Teng to show both the Chinese and the Western world that the outpourings of grief over Chou's death were revolutionary acts. After some of the wall posters called for an *ex post facto* justification of the T'ien An Men rally, Teng announced that the 1976 demonstration had indeed been sanctified by the Central Committee. Teng was quoted as



Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-p'ing on visit to Paris last fall

The masses were allowed to express some anger.

step toward normalizing relations between the two countries."

In his interview with Novak and in talks with two touring Japanese politicians, Teng demolished a number of Sinologists' preconceptions about the poster campaign. When the campaign began, it was widely believed that Teng was planning to replace Hua as Premier. Yet in a talk with Yoshikatsu Takeiri, head of Japan's Clean Government Party, the Vice Premier renounced any designs on that prestigious job. "I am too old and I wish to live longer," he explained. "A younger man is better for the job." (Hua is 57.) Similarly, al-

*The current wall poster campaign has roots that date back to the Manchu dynasty (1644-1911), when imperial proclamations were pinned to city and palace gates. In the pre-World War II Kuomintang Republic, Communists used posters to inflame the local population against "the landlords who eat our flesh" and "the traitors who sell China to Japan." Poster polemics reached a new level of sophistication during the Cultural Revolution, when fanatical Red Guardsmen used them to attack "capitalist roaders" like Teng Hsiao-p'ing.

saying: "It may be called a unanimous decision, expressing the desires of the whole party, the whole army and all the Chinese people."

From an endorsement of T'ien An Men, it was a small ideological step to allowing public criticism of Mao. Radical supporters of the Chairman had been responsible for condemning the mourning of Chou—who was, of course, Teng's protector and guide. The Central Committee's halloving of that 1976 ceremony was a subtle way for Teng to humiliate his old enemies.

Why did Teng say that there would be no Politburo dismissals, despite the posters calling for the purge of Wang and Wu? One explanation is that the posters were intended merely as a warning to hard-line supporters of the radical view who are still in the Politburo. Another is that Teng simply did not have the clout to make a clean sweep of his adversaries. Yet another is that the Vice Premier realized that a purge of the radicals would undercut elements of Hua's support—thereby leading to a potentially damaging split at the top level that could endanger his precious modernization program.

At week's end Teng and Hua made a public show of unity by jointly appearing at a meeting of the athletes who will represent China in the upcoming Asian Games in Bangkok. New wall posters appeared warning that if "bad eggs" who attacked the legacy of Mao kept it up, someone would "smash your dog heads." Still, from some of Teng's cryptic phrases, China experts speculated that the murky struggles within the party leadership would be carried forward to a meeting of the 201-member Central Committee later this month. That event—unless Teng and his colleagues decided that a little touch of democracy was enough for the moment—could well inspire another campaign of wall posters as guides to popular thinking.

Guides they clearly are, for China is still years away from being able to enjoy the freedoms that are taken for granted in much of the West. Last week the London-based Amnesty International issued a 176-page report on human rights in China, charging that political prisoners are routinely starved, put in chains and held in solitary confinement. Trials are, said Amnesty, a mere formality—"in fact, meetings to announce the sentence." On this issue, at least, there may be hope for comrades of the Middle Kingdom. Peking's *People's Daily* has just completed a series of articles arguing that if the Four Modernizations are to be achieved, China needs new commercial, criminal and civil codes. The official news agency has reported that quasi-independent "procurators," vaguely similar to U.S. grand juries, have been re-established throughout China. These bodies were abolished during the Cultural Revolution—the heyday of Mao's effort to create a society in which the only law was his word.

Journalists at the Wall

"Amazing," said one of the 27 Western journalists based in Peking. "Incredible," declared another. "There has never been anything like it."

They were referring to last week's abrupt lowering of the invisible barriers that for years have prevented Western newsmen from engaging in serious political discussions with ordinary Chinese citizens. "Before this," said the *Toronto Globe and Mail's* John Fraser, "trying to get an idea of what the average man was thinking was akin to peering over garden walls. Now the wall has been pulled aside."

At the start of the big poster campaign last month, foreign journalists and diplomats were permitted to read the posters carefully and to make notes. A week ago the atmosphere became even more friendly. Foreigners were greeted by smiles when they appeared in T'ien An Men Square or at the "democracy wall" poster site at the intersection of Chang An Avenue and Hsi Tan Street. They were quickly surrounded by eager citizens who besieged them for calling cards and engaged them in impromptu political seminars. Says Fraser: "It was electric. You went down to look at the posters, and suddenly you found yourself talking to a crowd of a thousand people."

Everybody seemed to want to debate democracy at once. How well did it really work in the U.S. and Western Europe? Why was it that the U.S., West

Germany and Japan were so advanced, while China, with a superior system of socialism, was not? And what, by the way, did the Western correspondents think was really happening at the meeting of the Chinese Politburo then in progress?

The correspondents raised plenty of questions themselves. Says Ian MacKenzie, Reuters bureau chief: "I asked one group, 'What is it you want?' and they replied, 'We want freedom and democracy.' I



American Columnist Robert Novak chats with Teng

asked, 'What do you mean by democracy?' and they said, 'We're trying to work out just what democracy is. We want freedom of speech, and we want to elect our own leaders.' I asked them, 'Does that mean that the Communist Party is going to be voted out of office?' There were great howls of laughter and a shout of 'Oh, no.'"

London *Daily Telegraph* Correspondent Nigel Wade asked another crowd, "Do you want free newspapers?" and the Chinese shouted, "Yes!" He asked, "Do you believe your own newspapers?" and they answered, "No." Wade found the Chinese especially curious about Western clothes and books, and familiar with a newly released report by Amnesty International that takes China to task on human rights. He also found that "they seem to have a pretty good fix on Jimmy Carter. The overwhelming impression they have is that he is a kind man."

At least one newsman made news as well as reported it: visiting Washington Columnist Robert Novak. One evening while Novak and the *Globe and Mail's* Fraser were talking to a crowd near the posters, Fraser remarked that his colleague might be granted an interview with Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-ping the following day. The astonished listeners immediately began to ply Novak with questions for the Vice Premier. At the crowd's insistence, Novak said he would try to return the following evening to tell them what Teng had said. He failed to do so, pleading another engagement, but he sent Fraser to report to the crowd that Teng approved of the "democracy wall," though he disagreed with the messages expressed on some of the wall posters.

Late in the week, the government announced that in the interests of "stability and unity," the big rallies and informal seminars would no longer take place. Privately, though, Chinese officials indicated that they were happy with the impromptu dialogue between citizens and correspondents and felt that there could not be a return to the isolation of old. Fraser, for one, agrees: "It just can't go back to where it was before."

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World

IRAN

Entering a Dangerous Hour

Mourning begins, and so does the Shah's gravest test

The whole country is buckling up for the big bash." So warned a senior Iranian analyst in Washington last week. The Administration, like Iranians themselves, anxiously awaited the start of Muharram, the month of mourning observed by Shi'ite Muslims. Expectations were that this tense, emotional period, which began on Saturday, would almost certainly be the gravest test yet of the Shah's ability to keep control of his troubled land, one of the West's most strategic allies.

Through the week, Iranians prepared for a long siege. Automobile drivers lined up for miles at Tehran's gas stations to fill their tanks. Other queues formed at bank tellers' windows, while housewives thronged to the city's shops for food. At 6 p.m. Thursday, as the curfew hour approached, the capital's bustling bazaar lowered its shutters.

From his home in exile near Paris, Ayatollah Khomeini, the 80-year-old spiritual leader of Iran's Shi'ite Muslims called for an indefinite general strike. Khomeini, who has vowed to oust the Shah, also urged Iran's oil workers to repeat last month's two-week strike that cost the country more than \$1 billion in crude-oil revenues. As the holiday began, residents of Tehran broke the curfew and crowded into the streets to see if the new moon had appeared, signaling the start of Muharram. Government troops opened fire on the chanting crowd with automatic weapons. Official sources said that nine persons had been killed and 35 wounded,

but diplomats, making independent checks, pegged the number of fatalities at a score or more. Two *Newsweek* correspondents and a reporter for the London *Daily Telegraph* were beaten and briefly jailed by soldiers when they tried to cover a clash outside their hotel. An Iranian guard was killed during a conflict between protesters and security forces at the gates of the U.S. embassy.

The Muharram holiday is particularly significant to opponents of the Shah; it symbolizes the Shi'ites' struggle against an evil, corrupt leadership in the earliest years of Islam. The mourning, which culminates on Dec. 11, commemorates the death of the 7th century Imam Husain, a grandson of Muhammad who was beheaded by Sunni Muslims from Damascus intent on maintaining their rule over dissident Persians. Muharram is traditionally observed with huge processions through the streets, at which the faithful whip themselves with chains or draw blood with knives and swords in anguished enactments of Husain's suffering.

Fearing that provocateurs might incite confrontations with the Shah's troops, the government last week banned all public gatherings, except for services in mosques. Violations, warned General Gholam Reza Azhari, Premier of Iran's military government, would be dealt with "mercilessly."

In Tehran, the Shah was trying without much success to put together a coalition government that would be accept-

able to his opponents in time to defuse the crisis. Most politicians were fearful that cooperating with the Shah would cause them to lose credibility among Khomeini's followers. Shapour Bakhtiar, acting chairman of the opposition National Front, insisted that his organization would not join a coalition government while its leader, Karim Sanjabi, is still in prison. "It's not a question of the King or of a republic," says Bakhtiar. "It is essential to have an anticorruption government. If people are convinced of that, then they will support the government."

Another leading politician, former Premier Ali Amini, believes that the Shah should become a constitutional monarch responsible to an elected parliament. Although he is an opponent of the Shah's military government, he does not fault it for imposing martial law. Says Amini: "During Muharram, even a civilian government would have had to do the same thing." Amini, in fact, advised the Shah's opponents "to be quiet" during the observance. Among intellectuals there is growing sentiment for a council of regents, with Crown Prince Reza replacing the Shah as a figurehead ruler and political power exercised by parliament. But the Shah is opposed to putting his son in such a precarious position.

The crisis atmosphere was particularly worrisome to the 40,000 Americans in the country, most of them workers on military and corporate projects. There have been no deaths and few injuries to Americans so far but many have been subjected to insults and threatening phone calls. Evacuation plans have been made, but if they had to be executed on short notice, the result, said an embassy official, would be "absolute chaos."

TIME Correspondent Dean Fischer reported from Tehran last week: "Lacking newspapers or other sources of reliable information, Iranians and foreigners alike feed on a daily diet of rumors. Americans talk endlessly among themselves about whether to evacuate the country or stay for the confrontation they are convinced is coming. It is rumored that some Americans have begun stockpiling Molotov cocktails for self-protection against the rampaging mobs they imagine will attack them if the Shah is toppled."

"The diplomats are in the dark. Most believe that only the Shah can command the allegiance of the army. But for every assurance of the loyalty of top-ranking officers, there is a whisper of widespread disaffection among middle-ranking military men. There are tales of AK-47s in the hands of Iranian Communists, but no one can swear he has seen them. One certainty is that opposition to the Shah is rising. Another is that people are being killed by soldiers some place in Iran nearly every day. Under those circumstances, it is not surprising that tension, fear and apprehension about the future are reaching panicky proportions."



Iranian army tank patrols streets of Mashhad during a protest demonstration

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SUBARU BRAT SWEEPSTAKES

World

MIDDLE EAST

A Stalemate Leads to Strain

The cooling relationship of Egypt and Saudi Arabia

"I cannot set a date," said Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, "but I am sure of one thing. Sooner or later we shall be signing an agreement." Later would appear to be a stronger bet. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance announced last week that the slow-moving talks would resume at an unspecified date. But the issue of linkage—that is, relating Israeli withdrawal from the Sinai Peninsula to political changes for the occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip—remains a major stumbling block.

Sadat, who announced that he will not show up in Oslo this month to receive his Nobel Peace Prize, had particularly good

Saudi Arabia a secret interpretation of Communism conforming to the teaching of Islam?" Publicly the Saudi leaders are keeping their cool; privately they are enraged at the Egyptian attacks. "When Sadat dies," sneers a Saudi businessman, "the Egyptian people will dig up his bones and piss on them."

At the root of the quarrel is Sadat's bitterness at the Saudis for failing to support the Camp David accords. With Saudi help, Sadat believes, at least one or two other moderate Arab states could be enticed into joining or supporting the peace process, and that in turn could eventu-

The quarrel comes at a time when Saudi Arabia is in no mood to be generous with anyone. Saudi Arabia has the world's largest proven oil reserves (an estimated 150 billion bbl.) and a staggering \$70 billion in net foreign assets. Because of worldwide inflation, slumping oil sales and the decline of the dollar, however, Saudi Arabia is financially embarrassed at the moment. Since June its reserves have dropped by about \$3 billion. That will still leave the country with a surplus this year of \$7 billion (vs. \$17 billion in 1977). But it reminds the Saudis that their wealth is not limitless.

Already Saudi Arabia has begun tightening belts by cutting spending by 30% and foreign aid by 25%. Foreign contractors in Saudi Arabia now have to wait four to six months to get paid. One example of the new tightfistedness: when the U.S. Congress approved the sale last May of 50 F-5E warplanes for Egypt, the U.S. blithely assumed that the Saudis would pick up the tab. Since then the estimated price of the planes has jumped from \$590 million to \$730 million or more—and the Saudis have let it be known that they will pay something less than half the bill. Who pays the rest? The likeliest pigeon is Uncle Sam.

None of this means that Saudi foreign policy is taking an abrupt shift to the left. The Saudis fear that a radical regime dangerous to Saudi security could emerge either in Iran if the Shah should be overthrown, or in Egypt if Sadat were to be ousted. So they have little choice but to support him. Similarly, they cannot afford an open break with the U.S., on whom they depend almost totally for their security. At the next OPEC meeting, which begins Dec. 16, the Saudis will try to maintain the freeze on oil prices for another year. But they have already advised the U.S. that they will not risk an open break with other OPEC members, as they did in 1976. Saudi officials speak privately about the need for a small annual increase of perhaps 5% to avert the shock of a major rise in years to come. Whatever stand they take at this month's meeting, the Saudis will try to make it palatable to the U.S. "We don't do this for your sake," says Yamani, "nor do you befriended us for our sake. The fact is that we have mutual interests that hold us together."

Saudi leaders have been trying hard to convince Washington that they remain the best of friends. Crown Prince Fahd, the de facto Prime Minister, was upset by speculation in the U.S. that he had joined the hard-liners at the Baghdad summit conference of Arab leaders last month. In truth, Saudi leaders contend, they played an important moderating role at Baghdad and successfully defended Sadat against his Arab enemies.

The Saudis feel they are caught in a squeeze between the other Arabs on the one hand, and Sadat and the U.S. on the other. Prince Fahd is known to believe



Saudi Arabia's Crown Prince Fahd and Egyptian President Sadat in Alexandria last August quarreling at a time when the bankroller is in no mood to be generous to anyone.

reasons to be concerned about the stalemate. The relationship between Egypt and its chief bankroller Saudi Arabia, which lies at the heart of Washington's hopes for Middle East stability, has reached its lowest ebb since the mid-1960s, when Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser and Saudi Arabia's King Faisal backed opposing sides in the Yemeni civil war. TIME Cairo Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn, who knows both countries well, offers some insights into the cooling friendship.

What a way for friends to talk about each other. Cairo radio accuses the region's oil potentates of amassing wealth in secret foreign bank accounts and ignoring the needs of their own people. An Egyptian editor suggests aloud that Saudi Arabia has "turned to the Soviets to become a member of the Warsaw Pact," adding: "Have the Russians given

ally lead to a wider peace. The Saudis answer that they have done the best they could to defend the Egyptians against attacks by the more radical Arab states. They consider the Egyptian press excesses to be gross ingratitude.

Despite their hurt feelings, the Saudis insist they will not cut off Egypt without a dime. But they are not likely to be as generous as they were in 1977, for example, when they reportedly provided Cairo with around \$1 billion in aid. "We deal on the basis of principles, not emotions," says Saudi Information Minister Mohamed Abdou Yamani. "No matter what has happened, our relations with Egypt remain the same." A Saudi newspaper editor in Jidda is more blunt. "Sure, we will let the Egyptians attack us and insult us," he says. "Then they will send us a letter demanding to know why the check is late. And then we will send the check."

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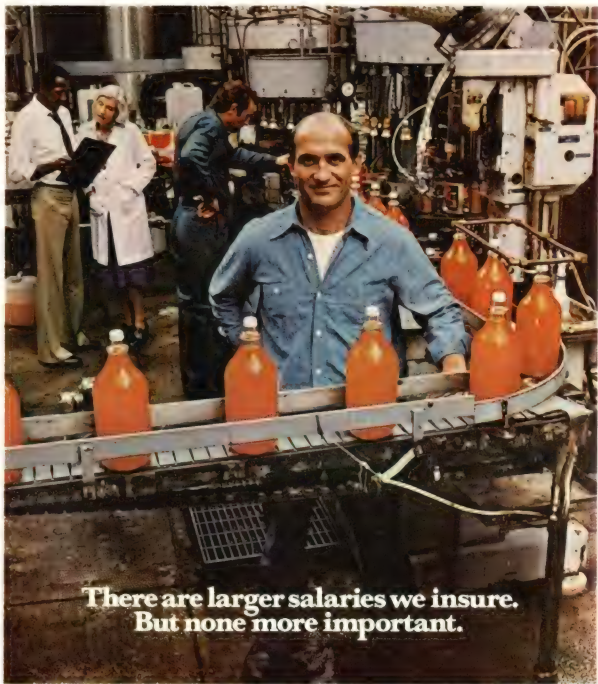
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World

that he could not possibly persuade other Arabs to support Camp David or a separate peace between Egypt and Israel. To go too far in backing Sadat would invite a wave of radical Arab terrorism, aimed not only at the oil installations but at the royal family. Fahd is convinced that Washington will not understand this, and that members of Congress will begin clamoring for the U.S. to cancel sales of F-15 warplanes to Saudi Arabia. The Prince asks: "What good would it do America for us to commit suicide?"

The Saudis have made it clear to Sadat that the extent of future support will depend, in no small part, on the degree to which Sadat succeeds in linking the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty with an overall settlement. For that reason Sadat is pressing the Israelis to agree in the treaty to a specific timetable for negotiating the future of the West Bank and Gaza.

As for the Egyptians' ingratitude, the Saudis have taken to quoting a saying from the Koran: "If you shall be thankful, I shall increase my bounty." Hinting

that his country will not abandon the Egyptians entirely. Saudi Foreign Minister Prince Saud al Faisal likes to recall a time when Nasser savagely attacked King Faisal for months on end. Nasser suspended his attacks just long enough to ask Faisal to give him \$10 million so that several thousand Egyptian pilgrims could go to Mecca. The King was annoyed at the shamelessness of the request, but in the end he agreed. After all, he reasoned, why shouldn't he help poor Muslims to reach the Holy City?

Hussein's 14 Questions

One of the several reasons for the peace talks stalemate is another temporary chill in relations between Jerusalem and Washington. The Israelis are worried about what they feel is a pro-Arab, or at least a pro-Egyptian, tilt on the part of the U.S. As a prime example, they cite an October visit to Amman by Assistant Secretary of State Harold Saunders, who gave Jordan's King Hussein the official U.S. answers to 14 questions that the King had raised about the Camp David accords. Saunders, at various times a CIA, National Security Council and State Department specialist in Middle East affairs, is a respected Arabist. Selective leaks of his purported answers to Hussein tended to fuel Jerusalem's suspicions that the State Department, if not the White House, had an anti-Israel bias.

TIME has obtained the complete text of the U.S. answers to Hussein's questions. In many cases, both are perfunctory and nonprovocative. The King's first question, for example, was whether the U.S. intended to be a full partner in future negotiations on the West Bank, Gaza "and the Palestinian question in general." Answer: "Yes, the U.S. will be a full partner in all the Arab-Israeli peace negotiations [and] will use its full influence to see that the negotiations are brought to a successful conclusion."

Why, the King wanted to know, had five years been selected as the transition period leading to self-government for the occupied territories? Answer: The five-year term was an American proposal, first presented to Egypt and Israel in 1977. "The key point is the concept of transition, not the precise duration which has been agreed [to]. We see the transition period as essential to build confidence, gain momentum and bring about the changes in attitudes that can assure a final settlement."

Several tougher questions by the King involved the nature of sovereignty for the West Bank and Gaza, the future status of Israeli settlements and security forces in these areas, and the fate of predominantly Arab East Jerusalem. Washington's answers reiterate familiar positions, but it is easy to see why the U.S. phrasing irritated the Israelis.

On East Jerusalem, for example, Washington informed Hussein: "We believe a distinction must be made between Jerusalem and the rest of the West Bank because of the city's special status and circumstances. We envisage a negotiated solution for the final status of Jerusalem that could be dif-

ferent in character in some respects from that of the West Bank. The final status of Jerusalem should not be prejudged by the unilateral actions undertaken in Jerusalem since the 1967 war." In answer to another question, the U.S. said that any solution "should preserve Jerusalem as a physically undivided city" and provide for "free access to the Jewish, Muslim and Christian holy places." The Israelis also believe that the Holy City should be indivisible—but under their sovereignty. They were shocked by this reminder that the U.S. still regards the occupation of East Jerusalem, and its integration with the western half of the city, as illegal.

Hussein asked about the future status of Israeli troops and of Israeli settlements on the West Bank. Concerning the troops, "the U.S. would not oppose, if agreed to by the parties, the stationing in the West Bank and Gaza of limited numbers of Israeli security personnel in specifically defined areas and with a defined role as one element in providing for the security of Israel."

The status of Israeli settlements in the occupied territories was "a matter for discussion in negotiations on the final status of the West Bank and Gaza," Hussein was also informed that "it is the position of the U.S. that Israel should refrain from creating new settlements on the West Bank while negotiations are under way on establishing the self-governing authority." The U.S. position is based on the Fourth Geneva Convention of 1949, which forbids the establishment of civilian communities in territory that is militarily occupied. Washington and Jerusalem have hotly argued the interpretation of the convention in the past, and the Israelis were irritated to find the issue revived again.

If anything, the Israelis were even more agitated by Washington's answers to Hussein's questions about which Palestinians could participate in future talks about the West Bank and what the U.S. meant by inviting "representatives" of the Palestinian people. The answers diplomatically avoided "comprehensive definition," but Washington did indicate that these "representatives" could come from outside the West Bank, Gaza and Jordan, and that they "need not be citizens of Egypt or Jordan." Moreover, the U.S. believes that a political solution for the occupied territories must also recognize the "legitimate rights of the Palestinian people and their just requirements." In the complicated code-word diplomacy of the Middle East, these seemingly innocent phrases meant to Jerusalem that the U.S. favored the participation of Israel's implacable enemy, the Palestine Liberation Organization.



Jordan's King at press conference

Did the As to his Qs mean an Arab tilt?

World

JAPAN

The Bull Wins

A disciple of give and take

"Frankly," admitted a stunned Premier Takeo Fukuda, "I was astounded." "It was a surprise to me, too," said Masayoshi Ohira, secretary-general of Japan's ruling Liberal Democratic Party (L.D.P.). What startled them and their countrymen last week was the result of a four-way race for Fukuda's job as the leader of the L.D.P. and, therefore, of Japan's government. Though the experts had forecast a dull election in which the urbane Fukuda, 73, would easily win a second term, he was thoroughly whipped by Ohira, 68, a deliberate, unassuming technocrat known in Japanese politics as the *Dongyu*—the slow-thinking bull.

Washington was equally startled. Fukuda was a particular favorite of President Carter, despite the 20-year difference in their ages. Fukuda at least appeared to understand American irritation over the imbalance in trade between the two countries that has been one main cause of the dollar's tribulations. Ohira intends to continue and even increase support for the greenback (see box). But because Ohira, as chief Cabinet secretary to Premier Hayato Ikeda in 1960, was an architect of Japan's spectacularly success-



Ohira after his victory

"Confrontation is a waste of energy."

ful drive to make Japan an exporting juggernaut, Washington is uncertain about how eager he will be to trim those exports at a time when Japan's domestic economy has turned sluggish.

It was attention to domestic problems that forged Ohira's upset victory. Until this year the L.D.P., which has held control of Japan's parliamentary government since it was formed in 1955, always picked its leader, who automatically becomes Premier, in a caucus of L.D.P. members in the Diet. In a party composed of strong and combative factions, this led to open vote buying, bribery and scandal. With former Premier Kakuei Tanaka now on trial in the Lockheed influence-peddling scandal, the L.D.P. decided to try to clean up its image as a party of feuding bosses and "black mist" (bribe money) by choosing their leader this time in a kind of national primary in which all 1.5 million party members would be eligible to vote (87% did). Fukuda emphasized his foreign policy accomplishments, such as the recent ratification of a peace treaty with China. Ohira, who as party secretary-general knew where the new votes were, went around the country emphasizing domestic issues, such as the need for improving rural living conditions.

Ohira was also helped by the backing of the wealthy and politically crafty Tanaka, who is a longtime foe of Fukuda. Tanaka, who still heads one of the strongest

Ohira: No Power Games

Shortly after he was elected to head Japan's Liberal Democratic Party, Masayoshi Ohira met with TIME Tokyo Bureau Chief Ed Reingold and Correspondent Frank Iwama at party headquarters to discuss some of the challenges he will face as Premier.

On relations with the U.S.: The foundations of Japan's foreign policy are built on close relations with the U.S. This must not be allowed to change. There must not be the slightest bit of mistrust between the two nations.

On Japan's role as an economic power: Japan must not get involved in world power games but must discharge her responsibilities to the world as an economic power. Japan must help the world economy move toward stability. For this, the dollar has to recover a more stable position. In turn, Japan must cooperate more actively in helping defend the dollar. After all, the dollar helped Japan over these many years, and Japan owes her present position to the dollar. Now when the dollar is "tired," it is a natural obligation for Japan to come to the rescue of the dollar.

On the dollar: We are fully cooperating with President Carter's dollar-defense measures through the swap mechanism [through which the central banks of Japan, West Germany and Switzerland extend the U.S. credit to buy yen, marks and Swiss francs]. I believe this swap system should be enlarged to make it even more effective.

On Japanese aid to Asia: It is natural from a geographic viewpoint [that] Japan should continue to place emphasis on Asia. The pan-Pacific region is not like Europe. The economies are in different stages of development, the quality of the economies is different, and any associations are very loosely tied. The ASEAN [Association of Southeast Asian Nations] does exist, however, and it must be respected, but it is not like the European Community association. This means that our aid will move more on the bilateral plane instead of being filtered through the regional association.

On Japan's trade surplus: I do not think we can do more than we are already doing, beyond expediting the existing measures to correct the situation. I do not yet have any new plans on this prob-

lem. But it is a serious problem and has to be solved as quickly as possible.

On inflating the Japanese economy: A growth rate of 7% [current rate: 5.7%] is unattainable. I see no reason to make unreasonable efforts to try to achieve this goal. No matter what new stimulatory measures are launched at this time, it would not be feasible to produce effective results before the end of the fiscal year [March 31, 1979]. We will be working out measures to prevent a fall in exports, since this will have a big bearing on economic recovery here.

On relations with China: China, the Soviet Union and the U.S. are our neighbors. As time goes on there will be a natural increase in mutual understanding of positions and exchanges. There will be no emphasis in relations with one at the expense of the others.

On President Carter: He called on me in May 1975, when I was Finance Minister. We talked for about 40 minutes. I knew that he was one of the candidates [for the Democratic presidential nomination], but at the time I had no idea whether he would win or not. But as he was leaving he said, "See you next time in the White House." However, I have no plans at the moment for going to the U.S. and seeing the President. It is too early to make such plans.



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World

L.D.P. factions despite the corruption charges, helped devise Ohira's winning strategy, which was to lie low until two weeks before the vote, then launch a costly, eleventh-hour campaign blitz. Lulled by the polls, which consistently showed him with a comfortable lead, Fukuda never had time to counterattack.

Ohira is a stocky, heavy-lidded farmer's son who sifts his thoughts, acts cautiously and speaks slowly. But behind Ohira's placid manner lurks a strong mind and steel will. He is more intellectual than most Japanese politicians. At least once a week he visits a bookstore to browse and buy; he reads Japanese authors and foreign writers in translation (a recent acquisition: John Kenneth Galbraith's *The Age of Uncertainty*).

As a high school student, he converted to Christianity, became a teetotaler—a true rarity in Japan's political circles—and for a time preached the gospel on street corners. After graduating from Tokyo University of Commerce in 1936 with an economics degree, he managed to get a job in the Finance Ministry, which traditionally recruited only from the elite Tokyo and Kyoto universities.

Ohira spent the World War II years in the Finance Ministry. Early in the 1950s he went into politics, eventually winning ten terms in the Diet. In 1960 he started his climb to power by moving from one ministry or Cabinet post to another in different L.D.P. governments. He has been Finance Minister and Minister of International Trade and Industry; he has also been Foreign Minister twice in different regimes. As Tanaka's Foreign Minister in 1972, he initiated the restoration of relations with Peking.

One colleague describes Ohira's party role as "the lubricating oil that smoothed things out." His ability to mediate was to become his main political asset. "Confrontation is a waste of energy," he has said. "A little give and take is much more efficient in politics."

Three times since 1972, Ohira has had a chance to drive for the party leadership, but on each occasion the reluctant bull backed away. The last time, in 1975, he and Fukuda, his opponent, reportedly made an oral agreement that Ohira would withdraw and support Fukuda and that Fukuda in turn would step aside as Premier and party leader at the end of his term, in Ohira's favor. Fukuda apparently reneged on the deal, and that may be what finally moved Ohira to put up a real fight for the leadership.

Ohira was Finance Minister in 1975 when Jimmy Carter, then an ex-Governor from Georgia with ambitions, went to Japan for a Trilateral Commission meeting. To Ohira, whom he met on that trip, Carter made a confident promise that he would see him "next time at the White House." When Ohira takes him up on that invitation, his Oval Office visit will be more than a courtesy call. ■

SOVIET UNION

An Alter Ego

Brezhnev shows he is still firmly in control of the Kremlin

Leonid Brezhnev, 71, is patently not a well man: according to Western intelligence experts, his various ailments may include gout, leukemia, emphysema and a heart condition. But whatever the current status of his health, the Soviet Union's President and party chief last week demonstrated that he is still firmly in control at the Kremlin. In a shuffle of top-level Communist Party jobs, he ele-



Brezhnev and Chernenko
Moldavian "paper-shuffler" makes good.

gated one of his staunchest allies to the 13-member ruling Politburo, gave the boot to a prominent nonloyalist and further consolidated his hold on the country's decision-making apparatus.

By Soviet standards, the career of new Politburo Member Konstantin Chernenko, 67, has zoomed upward meteorically. A husky, silver-haired bureaucrat, Chernenko has for years served in effect as Brezhnev's chief of staff and virtual alter ego. He is a member of the so-called Moldavian Clan, the group of Soviet apparatchiks who hitched their careers to Brezhnev's when he served as first secretary of the Moldavian Communist Party in the early '50s. Chernenko headed the Moldavian party's propaganda department. After Brezhnev succeeded Nikita Khrushchev as party chief in 1964, his protégé first became a candidate member of the Central Committee, then, five years later, earned a full-fledged slot. In 1976 Chernenko was elected a secretary of that 287-member body, and 14 months

ago he was named an alternate (non-voting) Politburo member. He was frequently observed deep in conversation with Brezhnev at public functions, only to slip into the background when actual ceremonies began. Chernenko was the only Politburo member to accompany his boss on a lengthy rail voyage to the Southern Caucasus last September.

If Chernenko's thoughts have ever differed from Brezhnev's on any issue, he has kept quiet about it; one Western diplomat in Moscow refers to him as Brezhnev's "paper shuffler." Nonetheless, Chernenko now ranks fourth in the party hierarchy, after Brezhnev. Ideologist Mikhail Suslov, 76, and Central Committee Secretary Andrei Kirilenko, 72. Chernenko now must be considered as a possible successor to his patron, or at least as a behind-the-curtain bossmaker in a post-Brezhnev era.

As notable as Chernenko's rise was the political eclipse of Kiril Mazurov, 64, a Politburo member and First Deputy Premier since 1965. He was ousted from both jobs last week "for reasons of health and at his own request." Mazurov's backer was Soviet Premier Alexei Kosygin, 74, who is not in the best of health, and whose influence has long been on the decline.

Mazurov's downfall had much to do with his lackluster performance as the Politburo member with specific responsibility for Soviet industry. Since the tenth Five-Year Plan began three years ago, the Soviets have placed special stress on increasing industrial productivity and technological modernization. At a plenum session of the party's Central Committee last week, Brezhnev complained about continuing industrial snags and bottlenecks. He singled out "central economic bodies, ministries and departments" as particularly responsible for the inefficiency.

But Brezhnev also had some good news. He proudly reported that this year's Soviet grain harvest was 235 million metric tons, the largest ever. The crop is 39.5 million tons larger than last year's, but still will not be large enough to meet livestock feed needs as consumers demand more of that Soviet luxury, meat. The U.S.S.R. is already committed to buying at least 6 million tons of grain from the U.S. next year. Agriculture experts predict that purchases will eventually amount to nearly double that.

Later, at a Supreme Soviet session, Brezhnev sat back and listened as Soviet Finance Minister Vasil Garbuzov made the second half of this year's gun-and-butter announcement. The Soviet defense budget for 1979, said Garbuzov, would remain the same as last year's: \$26.6 billion. Western diplomats and intelligence experts were amused by the announcement. They knew that Garbuzov's arithmetic was off by a little matter of 400%; the real figure is more like \$100 billion. ■

World

BRITAIN

Warts and All

The Thorpe Case (cont'd)

HOW JEREMY SEDUCED ME, read a titillating headline in London's tabloid *Daily Mail*, as Britain's most lurid crime story in years entered a particularly purple phase. For a second week, a three-judge panel in Minehead, a remote town on the Somerset coast, was conducting a magistrate's hearing into charges that Jeremy Thorpe, 49, the dapper, old Etonian Liberal M.P. who had once been one of Britain's fastest rising political stars, had conspired to murder Norman Scott, A sometime male model, Scott had publicly proclaimed that he had once had a homosexual affair with Thorpe. This time, it was Scott's turn to talk.

Scott said two years ago that he had had a liaison with Thorpe in the early 1960s, and it was this revelation that forced Thorpe to resign as head of the small but then increasingly influential Liberal Party. Thorpe's problems worsened last year, when a former pilot named Andrew Newton, who had served time in prison for shooting Scott's dog in 1975, charged that he had been hired by Thorpe and three others to kill Scott. Early in the Minehead hearings, the Crown produced witnesses who testified that Scott had threatened to tell all about his relations with Thorpe as long ago as 1965, and that Thorpe became obsessed with the political damage he might suffer if Scott were not silenced.

Sporting a light gray suit and a modishly slicked-down hair style, Scott told the court how he had left school at 15 and lived a drifter's life as a stable boy and riding instructor until one day in 1960, when he met Thorpe at a stable where he was working in Oxfordshire. As Scott related it, Thorpe somewhat inexplicably told him to come to him in London if he ever needed anything. A year later Scott, then 21 and reeling from a nervous breakdown, visited Thorpe at his office at Westminster. Thorpe, then 32 and a rising young bachelor M.P. from North Devon, drove Scott to his mother's house in Surrey saying that there they could "talk about things more easily." That night, said Scott, Thorpe sent him off to bed with a copy of *Giovanni's Room*, James Baldwin's 1956 novel about homosexual love. Said Scott: "He had said I would like it. It is, in fact, a very beautiful story." An hour later, as Scott told it, Thorpe came to his room in a dressing gown and sat down and talked to him about his troubles. Then, Scott said, Thorpe kissed him and "got into bed with me" and began making love. Scott claimed that he did not protest because he thought Thorpe's mother was in the next room and might hear. Scott said that when Thorpe returned again the next morning, following a second nocturnal



Gunman Newton, masked, leaving hearings



Accused Politician Thorpe arriving



Ex-model Scott, key witness for the Crown

"You look like a frightened rabbit."

visit, "I thought that he was going to do it again." Instead, Scott recalled, Thorpe "asked me how I wanted my eggs done."

Over the next two years, Scott said, he had many trysts with Thorpe, at such varied locations as his Westminster office, a bathroom in a hotel in Thorpe's Devon constituency, and a London flat that Thorpe had rented for him. Before Scott broke off the relationship in 1963 ("I hated the wretched sexual thing"), Thorpe was calling him "Bunny," buying him clothes and even taking him to his elite London club, the Reform.

Under fierce cross-examination, however, Scott admitted that he had told "dreadful lies" to police in earlier statements because he was frightened. But he

insisted he was telling the truth, and as proof cited "something I could only know if I'd slept with him." Thorpe, he said, "has warts, sort of nodules" under one or both of his arms.

Newton, who testified last week, said he had taken Scott out to a Devon moor one night in October 1975 and shot Scott's Great Dane, Rinka. Newton said he then aimed at Scott, but pretended it had jammed in order not to have to shoot him. Scott, for his part, maintained that the murder attempt was not faked.

Thorpe sat silently through the proceedings peering over his half-moon spectacles. He and his attorneys will have their day in court if and when the Minehead magistrates decide that the case should go to trial.

RUMANIA

Defiance

Nicolae vs. Moscow, again

RUMANIA'S President and party boss Nicolae Ceausescu has long defied Moscow in foreign policy matters. His is the only Warsaw Pact country that did not break relations with Israel after the 1967 war, did not join in the 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia and does not allow a Soviet military presence on its soil. Ceausescu has cultivated ties with Peking and has endorsed the U.S.-sponsored Middle East negotiations.

Now he is displaying his independent streak again. At a Warsaw Pact summit in Moscow, he rebuffed Soviet demands for increased defense spending. Later, in Bucharest, he told a "workers' meeting" that he would not make "exaggerated expenditures" on arms. Ceausescu added that Rumania "will not surrender to anyone the right to involve the Rumanian military in any action"—a clear message to Moscow that Bucharest intends to keep its forces out of Soviet control.

At a meeting of parliament and the Central Committee, he spoke out against "interference from the outside" and observed, intriguingly, that his country "traditionally had friendly relations" with many NATO countries, some of which have "helped us in our struggle against foreign domination." He was frequently interrupted with applause and chants: "Ceausescu, we will overcome."

Why should Ceausescu be sniping so earnestly at Moscow just now? Some West German analysts, noting a cryptic Ceausescu reference to "counterrevolutionary elements" being stirred up elsewhere "to rise against their governments," speculate that he may have uncovered a Kremlin-backed plot against him. Whatever the cause, Ceausescu's performance has been popular in Rumania, which probably cannot divert more resources to its military without further straining a weak economy that already produces the East bloc's lowest standard of living.

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Law

Here Come the Judges

Who should choose them—and how?

Under U.S. law, the President picks federal judges with the advice and consent of the Senate. Under a practice known quaintly as senatorial courtesy, the process has traditionally worked the other way around. A Senator can blackball a nominee to the federal bench in his home state simply by returning a "blue slip" to the Senate Judiciary Committee. Senate colleagues invariably honor the blue slip, so Presidents long ago learned to let Senators do the choosing.

Not Jimmy Carter. Federal judges are too important to be political plums. Carter argued in his 1976 presidential campaign, and should be selected on the basis of "merit" alone. How? By appointing panels of lawyers and laymen to suggest qualified nominees. By whom is the final choice made? The President, of course.

The questions of who should pick federal judges and how merit should be made the standard have never been as hotly debated or as important as now. Last October Congress passed the Omnibus Judgeship Act, creating 152 new federal judgeships, the largest one-shot increase ever. Given normal turnover on the bench, half of the nation's 643 federal appeals and district judges will owe their jobs to Carter by the end of his term in 1980. Says Leonard Janofsky, American Bar Association president-elect: "No modern American President has had such an opportunity to mold the shape and character of the law in our justice system."

That is, if Congress lets him. Even before Carter took office, he got Mississippi's formidable James Eastland, then chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, to agree that federal appeals judges should be nominated by merit commissions. Eastland also promised that his committee would go along with the President's choices. But he balked when it came to the more numerous federal district judges. Instead of a Mississippi commission coming up with five names for a judgeship and the President choosing one, Eastland reportedly told Attorney General Griffin Bell: "I'll hand you a slip of paper with one name on it, and that'll be the judge."

Carter was left trying to persuade individual Senators to set up merit commissions. So far, Senators in 18 states have agreed. The Omnibus Judgeship Act empowers the Administration to establish "standards and guidelines" for choosing federal district judges. But as Attorney General Bell cautions, "They're not mandatory. It's more of a friendly persuasion operation."

A growing number of Senators are neither friendly nor persuaded. Missouri's Thomas Eagleton named three Missou-

rians, without any merit commission and without inviting applications, despite Carter's urging of an open process. Carter and the Senate Judiciary Committee are left in an awkward position: If the Administration does not accept Eagleton's nominees, will the Judiciary Committee follow senatorial courtesy and reject anyone that Carter nominates instead for the Missouri spots? Says Bell: "Well, we plan to have a talk with the Senator."

Virginia's Harry Byrd dutifully fol-

lowed the commission system is Illinois' Adlai Stevenson, who also refused to follow Carter guidelines. The problem, according to Stevenson, is not in finding qualified people, but persuading them to accept the hard work and financial sacrifice of being a judge. Says Stevenson: "Great judges don't answer newspaper advertisements. They have to be sought out, and commissions can't do that."

Stevenson's warnings are borne out in part by the workings of one model nominating commission, that of Senator Edward Kennedy, the Judiciary Committee's new chairman. Few doubt the qualifications of the nominees picked last week by Kennedy's Massachusetts commission: a Harvard law professor, two



Attorney General Griffin Bell; Senator Adlai Stevenson



"I'll hand you a slip of paper with one name on it, and that'll be the judge."

lowed the open process by appointing two panels to nominate candidates for four new judgeships. The commission chose ten white males, prompting Associate Attorney General Michael Egan to point to a guideline that urges more blacks and women for the bench. Byrd stood by his list. Texas Senator Lloyd Bentsen refused to appoint a central nominating committee to consider candidates, preferring to rely on the advice of several different groups. Yet he paid close heed to Texas demographics: his ten choices include two women, one Mexican American and one black. Maryland's Senator Paul Sarbanes flatly refused to use any commissions. Though he invited "suggestions" from the public, Sarbanes proclaimed that he had the responsibility to "advise" the President by making the nominations himself. Editorialized the Washington *Post*: That's not "advising," that's "telling."

Perhaps the most articulate Senate

state superior court judges (one is black) and a woman lawyer. But some desirable candidates dropped out when told they had to appear before the commission; they did not want to expose themselves to public scrutiny and possible rejection.

Stevenson argues that even though a Senator may not be the ideal person to choose a judge, any legislator at least represents and is accountable to the people. Besides, the quality of the present Senator-chosen federal bench is generally high, and some of the nation's most distinguished jurists had been politically active (including Hugo Black, Charles Evans Hughes, Louis Brandeis and John Marshall). Nor is politics ever going to be entirely expunged from judicial selection. The record of Democrat Jimmy Carter's own Administration is proof enough: of the 66 judges appointed since he took office, two are Republicans.



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Law

Farber Finis

Supreme silence on subpoenas


It is said that hard cases make bad law. But in the hard case of New York Times Reporter Myron Farber, the U.S. Supreme Court last week decided simply to make no law at all. The court refused, without comment, to review a clash between the rights of fair trial and free press that sent Farber to jail for 40 days and cost the Times \$285,000 in fines and over \$200,000 in legal fees.

Farber, whose reporting helped lead to the trial of Dr. Mario Jaslasevich for the murders of three patients at a small New Jersey hospital, was jailed for contempt of court after refusing to turn over his notes to the trial judge. Farber was freed last month just before the jury found Jaslasevich "not guilty," but the New Jersey Supreme Court had upheld the reporter's contempt conviction, along with the fines levied against the Times for refusing to surrender its own documents on the case.

The high court's decision not to review that ruling does not affect similar cases in other states, but it leaves reporters everywhere guessing about the risk of fighting subpoenas. In *Branzburg vs. Hayes* (1972), the leading pronouncement on the subject, the Justices ruled 5 to 4 that reporters could not refuse to testify before a grand jury. The court did suggest, however, that states could enact "shield" laws to protect a reporter's sources and notes. New Jersey and 25 other states have them. In Farber's case, the New Jersey Supreme Court decided that the shield law "must yield," because it came into conflict with a defendant's Sixth Amendment right to a fair trial.

Times executives have complained that the New Jersey courts never held a hearing to show that the defendant needed Farber's notes. "I think this is a new legal gimmick," said Times Executive Editor Abe Rosenthal last week. "You try the press. You turn attention away. By the time this case was over nobody remembered what it was about; everybody was talking about Farber."

From a journalist's point of view, it may be just as well that the court chose to duck the Farber case, given the cold shoulder that the Justices have turned toward press claims of special privilege in recent decisions. "When journalists rely on the First Amendment in these cases, they'd better face the fact they're not going to get much help from the Supreme Court," says Columbia Law Professor Benno Schmidt. One reporter who agrees is Farber, who is finishing a book on the case. Says he: "I wasn't surprised. I became accustomed to hearing bad things from the courts."



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Education

Anything but Busing

Chicago weighs a hotly disputed voluntary integration plan

"I'm not going in there wringing my hands," snapped Chicago School Superintendent Joseph P. Hannon last week as he prepared to face critics on the Illinois Board of Education. Concerned about the persistent separation of races in the city's 512,000-student public school system, third largest in the U.S. (after New York City and Los Angeles), the state board put Chicago's schools on probation in 1976. It will take another hard look at segregation in the system at a public meeting later this month. If the board does not like what it finds, it could move to halt state and federal education aid to Chicago, thereby cutting the city's \$1.2 billion annual school budget in half.

Chief object of the board's current scrutiny is Chicago's first citywide school desegregation program, which was unveiled earlier this year by Hannon, 46, a feisty and effective administrator who took office in 1975 after serving as one of the city's assistant superintendents. Hannon's plan, known as Access to Excellence, avoids mandatory busing. Instead, it permits pupils to transfer to any Chicago school with vacancies if the transfer aids desegregation. More significant, ATE seeks integration by creating magnet schools that offer advanced programs to qualified students who live anywhere in the city, and by setting up more than 100 part-time career counseling, cultural and remedial programs. These include natural science courses at the lakefront Shedd Aquarium and courses in hotel management offered at two downtown Holiday Inns.

Those part-time offerings have so far been underwhelmed with applicants, but some full-time ATE programs are S.R.O. No fewer than 1,521 students applied for 805 places in three "classical" schools that offer enriched programs from kindergarten through the sixth grade. LaSalle Elementary School, an ATE language academy, received 1,000 applicants for 450 slots. According to preliminary head counts, ATE has drawn 18,100 students to desegregated courses for the first time, Says Hannon. "The program is only three months old, and I think we're off to a solid start."

Hannon's critics see the program as too little, too late. They complain that ATE's 18,100-student turnout falls short of the 30,000 Hannon expected this year, and even that figure is a minute fraction of the system's total enrollment. The Chicago Urban League notes that two-thirds of the city's 512 elementary schools remain



School Superintendent Joseph Hannon

"We're not going to turn out the lights."

either 90% white or 90% nonwhite. The state board points out that state rules require every school to have a racial composition approximating that of the school system as a whole; yet in Chicago, where 23% of students are white and 77% are nonwhite, Hannon wants a minimum racial mix of only 90%-10% by 1983.

The Urban League has called for mandatory integration quotas, and the state board believes there should at least be back-up planning for a mandatory program. Hannon insists that quality educa-

tion is more important than racial balance. Emphatically, he says: "If we get a program that is 99% black, and the parents consider it a good solid program, we'll continue it. We're not going to close the door and turn the lights out because it isn't integrated."

A key reason Hannon has resisted mandatory desegregation is his fear of white flight. Whites currently are less than half of Chicago's population, down from two-thirds in 1970. Maintains Hannon: "I would not like ever to recommend anything that would further reduce the middle-class tax base of this city."

The magnet school program is not Hannon's only concern. In 1977 the school system lost an eight-year legal battle against a federal order for reassignment of teachers and principals to increase integration. Hannon thereupon transferred 3,500 teachers and principals in an integration program that Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Joseph Califano called "a model for the nation." But last month a federal judge declared the scheme unconstitutional because it exempted teachers over age 55, thereby discriminating against younger teachers. Meanwhile, Hannon has ignored a recommendation from the school board's City-Wide Advisory Committee, made up of church, labor and business groups, that the schools prepare a contingency plan for mandatory pupil integration.

Chicago's *Tribune* and *Sun-Times*, as well as major Loop business leaders, have endorsed ATE. Not even the critics have urged a program of mandatory busing for the entire city. "That would be ridiculous," concedes Carey Preston, one of three blacks on Chicago's school board, all of whom voted against trying ATE. Local insiders are betting that the state board will take no action this month (though than continuing Chicago's probationary status, while settling for Hannon's promise to expand ATE and its brand of voluntary integration).

There seems to be a consensus among Chicagoans that an expensive and bitterly resisted busing program, like the one imposed in Los Angeles this fall by a federal district judge, would not lead either to quality education or to integration. University of Chicago Sociologist James Coleman, whose antibusing views have stirred academic controversy, believes a voluntary plan is the only way lasting desegregation can be achieved in Chicago. Says he: "The apparent solution requires going back to the fundamental issue of equal education opportunity, regardless of race. Every child should have an opportunity to attend a school other than the one that is imposed by residence."



Music class at Chicago's LaSalle Elementary School

Back to the fundamental issue of equal opportunity

Medicine

Rx for Doctors

Advertise, says FTC judge

Lawyers do it. Engineers do it. Drug-gists and optometrists now do it. And if Judge Ernest G. Barnes has his way, doctors will soon be doing it too. Doing what? Advertising.

Barnes, an administrative law judge for the Federal Trade Commission, last week ruled that the American Medical Association's code of ethics illegally restrains competition among doctors by preventing them from advertising. That policy, said the judge, has resulted in virtual price fixing, deprived consumers of the information they need in selecting a doctor and "stifled the rise of almost every type of health care delivery that could potentially pose a threat to the income of fee-for-service physicians in private practice."

In the decision, which stems from a 1975 FTC complaint against the A.M.A. and two Connecticut member societies, Barnes ordered the association to "cease and desist" from prohibiting advertising. He also ruled that after a two-year interim, the A.M.A. could issue a new set of ethical guidelines on advertising but only "after first obtaining the permission and approval of the FTC."

Barnes' ruling must still be approved by the FTC commissioners, after which doctors will be able to start hiring copywriters. The A.M.A. will appeal the order. Dr. Robert B. Hunter, chairman of the A.M.A.'s board of trustees, noted that the



organization's code does not prohibit advertising, only solicitation of patients. The distinction: ads provide pertinent information such as type of practice, office hours, and even the schedule of fees; solicitation involves self-laudatory or fraudulent claims, or patients' testimonials. The prohibition, says the A.M.A., is meant to protect the public from unscrupulous hucksters or quacks.

The A.M.A. was particularly outraged by Barnes' order that future ethical guidelines first get the FTC O.K. Said Hunter: "There is no legal precedent in the United States for the federal bureaucracy to write or approve a code of ethics for any of the learned professions." ■

Bad Manners?

Stepoe answers critics

Win some, lose some. A month ago, Chicago's Barren Foundation abruptly withdrew an award that was to have been presented to British Gynecologist Patrick Stepoe, who with Physiologist Robert Edwards was laboratory godfather of the world's first test-tube baby. The reason: the two had yet to provide adequate details of their achievement. Last week, however, the New York Fertility Research Foundation honored Stepoe for that very achievement. At a Manhattan press conference, Stepoe labeled the Barren Foundation's action "the most utterly disgraceful exhibition of bad manners I've ever come across in the scientific world."

Stepoe also reported that he and Edwards have modified their technique so that they now achieve pregnancies in 10% of the women they treat. Baby Louise Brown was the result of a method that produced pregnancy in only 1% of cases.

In about six months, they will open a clinic near Cambridge where infertile couples will be treated and medical teams trained in the technique. The Britons will also serve as advisers for a U.S. clinic in Norfolk, now in the planning stages.

The eagerly awaited scientific details of the test-tube technique will be presented at a meeting of the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists in London on Jan. 26 and at a San Francisco conference of the American Fertility Society the following week. ■

Science

'Bye, Columbus

Did the Vikings arrive first?

In Calvin Trillin's 1977 comic novel *Rune-struck*, the fictitious Maine coastal town of Berryville goes crazy when a stone with inscriptions that seem to be Nordic is unearthed there. Some townspeople want to cash in on the bonanza by doing such things as building a theme park and holding a festival. Others seek, in vain, to avoid exploitation. Chaos reigns as the citizens realize that Berryville is likely to become a national shrine: the site of the first Viking settlement in America. Last week real events in a small Maine community seemed on the verge of following those in fictive Berryville.

More than 15 years after a battered old coin was discovered in an ancient Indian rubbish heap near the coastal town of Blue Hill, it was belatedly iden-

tified by scholars as a Norse artifact dating back to the 11th century—making it the oldest European object ever found in the U.S. What is more, the find reopened all the old arguments about who really discovered America: Columbus or some Viking predecessors?

At the heart of the hubbub is a thin, badly worn and chipped silver disc about the size of a dime. On one side, it is stamped with a cross; on the other, with a stylized animal head. Found in 1961 by an amateur archaeologist named Guy Mellgren, the coin was turned over to the Maine State Museum in Augusta four years ago and described as a 12th century English coin. But Riley Sunderland, a retired military historian and also an amateur archaeologist, had his doubts about that identification. While vacationing in England last summer, he discussed the coin with Peter Seaby, a noted British numismatist. After examining photographs, Seaby con-

cluded that the coin was "almost certainly a Norse penny," probably dating to the reign of Olaf III Kyrre (the Quiet), King of Norway from 1066 to 1093. British Historian Michael Dolley concurred. Said he: "To me there's no doubt, it's a Norwegian coin struck in the 1070s."

At the Maine museum, where the treasure has now been placed under protective plastic, Archaeologist Bruce Bourque was more restrained. Even if the coin is Norwegian, he said, it may have been brought to the site from a Viking settlement in Newfoundland, not by Norsemen but by seagoing Indians. After all, he noted, no other



Animal head on Norse coin

Norse materials have been discovered around Blue Hill. Still, the museum is taking no chances. To stave off a possible stampede of runic treasure hunters who might indeed turn Blue Hill into a facsimile of Trillin's Berryville, Maine officials want the area around the Indian mound placed under federal protection. ■

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3. HAITI. \$96-\$323* PLUS AIRFARE. Take in the vibrancy of Haiti as you spend 8 days/7 nights at your choice of selected hotels. There's great shopping for colorful paintings that have made Haitian artists famous far beyond their borders. Round-trip transfers are included. (IT8EA1F1AO)

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Living

Tutglut

A golden trail across the U.S.

A priestly inscription on the golden corselet around his body assured the newly dead King Tutankhamun: YOUR SOUL LIVES! YOUR VEINS ARE FIRM! Few such adumbrations have ever proved so accurate, if not necessarily in the otherworldly sense intended. Since the discovery of his 3,300-year-old tomb 56 years ago last month, the boy pharaoh has enjoyed a scintillating afterlife in the vision, imagination and, it must be said, the commerce of modern man. The treasures from his Valley of the Kings resting place, shown in packed museums around the world, have inspired countless designers of art, jewelry, fashion and frippery over the decades. The current exhibition, the "Treasures of Tutankhamun," may well have been viewed by 7 million Americans by the time it concludes a three-year, seven-city tour of the U.S. in San Francisco next September.

In New York City, where Tut opens on Dec. 20, at the Metropolitan Museum, 900,000 tickets were snapped up in 5½ days in mid-September, and the line at one point stretched 20 blocks. At its U.S. debut in Washington, the collection drew 835,000 visitors, more than the entire population of the District of Columbia. It attracted an even bigger crowd in New Orleans (870,595), and was credited with bringing in \$75 million in revenue. The record for the U.S. tour so far is held by Chicago's Field Museum of Natural History: 1,349,724 visitors. That figure could have been doubled if the museum had been able to handle the crowds. Seattle's Art Museum drew 1,293,203. When the show packed up, Seattle stores ran "Good-bye, Tut" sales.

Seductive beauty and ageless craftsmanship account largely for the drawing power of Tut's treasures. "They are so fresh they kind of wipe out time," says

Thomas Hoving, who as former head of Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum organized the show and has written the best-selling *Tutankhamun: The Untold Story* (Simon and Schuster: \$12.95). Although many of the exhibit's 55 pieces are gold, Hoving maintains that the value of the collection is "not a critical part of its popularity." (Asked how much it is worth, he replies airily: "\$416,872,417.68, plus green stamps.")

The traveling show has spawned a Tutglut of *objets d'art*, baubles and gewgaws. Among the more decorative (and authentic) memorabilia have been the 300-odd reproductions and adaptations designed and distributed by the Metropolitan Museum. They range from a \$4.50 charm to a \$2,000 gold statuette of the Standing King. Hieroglyphs, geometrics and other Egyptian themes adorn jewelry, sheets, games, puzzles, rugs, glasses, ice buckets, stationery, scarves, trays, tote bags, hairdos, plates, pots and posters. Tutmania has also produced such vulgarities as T shirts (HANDS OFF MY TUTS) and such culinary abominations as sphinxburgers.

If Tutmania palls, can Treasures II be far behind? Well, even now, archaeologists are excavating the 2,000-year-old temple of the goddess Mut, but it may be 25 years before its contents are ready for Tutmania. ■

Burgundy Boom

Prices zoom for a great vintage

For wine lovers around the world, a momentous annual ritual is the wine auction in the Burgundian city of Beaune. Technically, it is a charity sale: for the past 127 years, the auction has been the principal source of support for the Hospices de Beaune, a hospital that has been in continuous operation since 1443. In practice, the sale of wine from its *Premier* and *Grand Cru* vineyards is a close-

ly watched price barometer for all Burgundies. At this year's auction, in a hall bedecked with medieval tapestries, the needle shifted to "stormy" as 32 *pièces* (a *pièce* is the equivalent of 25 cases of twelve bottles each) of the choicest 1978 *Crus* fetched prices that averaged just over 50% above last year's already exalted rates. By the time it becomes available in a Paris restaurant two or three years from now, a bottle of 1978 Pommard may cost as much as \$50. "The Burgundy market is out of control," said Steven Spurrier, a Paris-based British wine expert and restaurateur.

Lovers of Burgundy can put most of the blame for this year's price panic on the vagaries of the weather. The summer, among the coldest and wettest in memory, was a cruel one for the Pinot grapes of the Côte d'Or, the narrow Burgundy slope that produces some of the world's finest wines. Lack of sunshine prevented proper fecundation, resulting in a crop that is little more than half the size of 1977's. Yet a remarkably dry Indian summer enabled vintners to delay the harvest two or three weeks and let the grapes grow plump and sweet. Louis Latour, head of the Burgundy Producers' Association, predicts that 1978, while a small harvest, will be remembered as a great year for Burgundies. "perhaps the best since 1961."

In the U.S., this year's Burgundies will not be available until early 1980 for whites and early 1981 for reds. They will be scarce, but wines from Beaujolais and the Côtes du Rhône, Burgundy's neighbors to the south, have enjoyed abundant harvests. As a result, the 1978 *nouveaux* are not only better than last year's but often cheaper. And there is good news from Bordeaux, which also had an excellent year. Growers there expect a price rise of only 4% for reds and 10% for whites, which will make Bordeaux a good value compared with those rarefied Burgundies. ■

WITH WHAT MINOLTA KNOWS ABOUT CAMERAS AND WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT YOURSELF, WE CAN MAKE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES TOGETHER.

If you've considered buying a 35mm single lens reflex camera, you may have wondered how to find the right one out of the bewildering array of models and features available.

And with good reason, since the camera you choose will have a lot to do with how creative and rewarding your photography will be.

What you pay for your camera shouldn't be your only consideration, especially since there are some very expensive cameras that won't give you some of the features you really need. So ask yourself how you'll be using the camera and what kind of pictures you'll be taking. Your answers could save a lot of money.

How automatic should your camera be?

Basically, there are two kinds of automatic 35mm SLR's. Both use advanced electronics to give you perfectly exposed pictures with point, focus and shoot simplicity. The difference is in creative control.

For landscapes, still lifes, portraits and the like, you'll want an aperture-priority camera. It lets you set the lens opening, while it sets the

shutter speed automatically.

This way, you control depth-of-field. That's the area of sharpness in front of and behind your subject. Many pro photographers believe that depth-of-field is the most important factor in creative photography.

At times you may want to control the motion of your subject. You can do this with an aperture-priority camera by changing the lens opening until the camera sets the shutter speed necessary to freeze or blur a moving subject. Or you can use a shutter-priority camera, on which you set the shutter speed first and the camera sets the lens automatically.

Minolta makes both types of automatic cameras. The Minolta XG-7 is moderately priced and offers aperture-priority automation, plus fully manual control. The Minolta XD-11 is somewhat more expensive, but it offers all the creative flexibility of both aperture and shutter-priority automation, plus full manual control. The XD-11 is so advanced that during shutter-priority

operation it will actually make exposure corrections you fail to make.

Do you really need an automatic camera?

Automation makes fine photography easier. But if you do some of the work yourself, you can save a lot of money and get pictures every bit as good.

In this case, you might consider a Minolta SR-T. These are semi-automatic cameras. They have built-in, through-the-lens metering systems that tell you exactly how to set the lens and shutter for perfect exposure. You just align two indicators in the viewfinder.

What to expect when you look into the camera's viewfinder.

The finder should give you a clear, bright view of your subject. Not just in the center, but even along the edges and in the corners. Minolta SLR's have bright finders, so that composing and focusing are effortless, even in dim light. And focusing aids in Minolta

Minolta makes all kinds of 35mm SLR's, so our main concern is that you get exactly the right camera for your needs. Whether that means the advanced Minolta XD-11. Or the easy-to-use and moderately priced Minolta XG-7. Or the very economical Minolta SR-T camera.





Automatic sequence photography is easy when you combine a Minolta XD-11 or XG-7 with optional Auto Winder and Electroflash 200X.

viewfinders make it easy to take critically sharp pictures.

Information is another thing you can expect to find in a well-designed finder. Everything you need to know for a perfect picture is right there in a Minolta finder.

In the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, red light emitting diodes tell you what lens opening or shutter speed is being set automatically and warn against under or overexposure. In Minolta SR-T cameras, two pointers come together as you adjust the lens and shutter for correct exposure.

Do you need an auto winder?

You do if you like the idea of sequence photography, or simply want the luxury of power assisted film advancing. Minolta auto winders will advance one picture at a time, or continuously at about two per second. With advantages not found in others, like up to 50% more pictures with a set of batteries and easy attachment to the camera without removing any caps. Optional auto winders are available for both the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, but not for Minolta SR-T cameras.

How about electronic flash?

An automatic electronic flash can be added to any Minolta SLR for easy, just about foolproof indoor photography without the bother of flashbulbs. For the XD-11 and XG-7, Minolta makes the Auto Electroflash 200X. It sets itself automatically for flash exposure, and it sets the camera automatically for use with flash. An LED in the viewfinder signals when the 200X is ready to fire. Most

unusual: the Auto Electroflash 200X can fire continuously in perfect synchronization with Minolta auto winders. Imagine being able to take a sequence of 36 flash pictures without ever taking your finger off the button.

You should be comfortable with your camera.

The way a camera feels in your hands can make a big difference in the way you take pictures.

The Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, for instance, are compact, but not cramped. Lightweight, but with a solid feeling of quality. Oversized controls are positioned so that your fingers fall naturally into place. And their electronically controlled shutters are incredibly smooth and quiet.

Minolta SR-T's give you the heft and weight of a slightly larger camera, but with no sacrifice in handling convenience. As in all Minolta SLR's, "human engineering" insures smooth, effortless operation. Are extra features important?

If you use them, there are a lot of extras that can make your photography more creative and convenient. Depending on the Minolta model you choose, you can get multiple exposures with pushbutton ease



(even with an auto winder). A window to show that film is advancing properly. A handy memo holder that holds the end of a film box to remind you of what film you're using. And a self-timer.

What about the lens system?

The SLR you buy should have a system of lenses big enough to satisfy your needs, not only today, but five years from today.

The patented Minolta bayonet mount lets you change lenses with less than a quarter turn. There are almost 40 Minolta lenses available, ranging from 7.5mm fisheye to 1600mm super-telephoto, including macro and zoom lenses and the world's smallest 500mm lens.



The electronic viewfinder: LED's tell you what the camera is doing automatically to give you correct exposure.



The match-needle viewfinder: just align two indicators for correct exposure. Because you're doing some of the work, you can save some money.

What's next?

Think about how you'll use your camera and ask your photo dealer to let you try a Minolta. Compare it with other cameras in its price range. You'll soon see why more Americans buy Minolta than any other brand of SLR. For literature, write Minolta Corp., 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada: Minolta Camera (Canada) Inc., Ontario. Specifications subject to change without notice.

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Economy & Business

Rising Perils of Stage II

Wage-price policies baffle and bewilder labor and industry

"God-awful." That was the pained reaction of Alfred Kahn, the Administration's chief price fighter, to the latest inflationary onslaughts. A month after President Carter mounted Stage II in his anti-inflation campaign, prices continue to rise and skepticism about the program's punch continues to spread. Trying to dispel some of the uncertainty, an unsmiling President declared on national television last week: "I think we will be successful in leveling off the rate of inflation and then bringing it down." But, he added, "I'm beginning to see more and more clearly how difficult it will be."

All he had to do was look at the latest doleful statistics. The consumer price index in October rose at a compound annual rate of 10% for the second month in a row. Food and beverages jumped at a rate of 10%, housing 12.7% and gasoline 18.2%. For the first time the overall index went above the 200 mark, meaning that today's battered dollar buys only half what it did in 1967, when the big price leaps began to pay for the Viet Nam War. In terms of real, after-tax buying power, many Americans are earning less now than they did then.

The Administration's voluntary wage-price guidelines are getting off to a shakier start than friend or foe had anticipated. Kahn, the anti-inflation czar, does not have enough staffers or even telephones to accommodate the torrent of questions from business and labor leaders seeking clarification of the complex program, with its ambivalent language and infamous algebraic equations for figuring out how much prices may be raised.

Generally, the Administration has won the reluctant cooperation of business. Last week General Motors and A T & T announced that they would comply with the guidelines. Increases in steel prices and railroad rates have been held within the basic standard, which calls for companies to limit price rises over the next year to half a percentage point below their average annual rises in 1976-77. Still higher increases may be made by companies with special problems, like rapidly rising raw material costs, so long as their pretax profit margins do not go above the av-

erage for the best two of the past three years. The trouble is that more and more corporations intend to take this profit-margin approach, which is extremely difficult to monitor.

On the labor side, most union leaders angrily reject the 7% limit on wage-and-benefit raises. They note that the increased costs of maintaining jealously

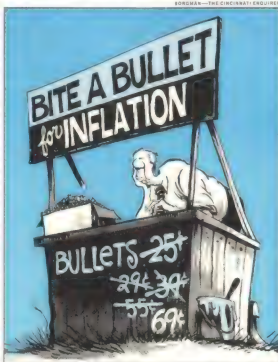
thority to impose it. United Auto Workers President Douglas Fraser insists that the only way to win labor's support would be for Congress to enact the President's proposal granting tax rebates to obedient union members and other groups if the inflation rate next year exceeds 7%. But Fraser doubts that Congress will pass such legislation in view of the chilly reception

it has received from Ways and Means Chairman Al Ullman. Many Government officials at work devising the "wage insurance program" are also discouraged by its grave problems, notably how to put a limit on payments. Says one key official: "If we're lucky, Congress will kill this thing and take it off our hands."

The President is also in trouble with his promise to crack down on wasteful and costly federal regulation of business. The council that Carter appointed to do the job is stacked with regulators and headed by Douglas Costle, head of the Environmental Protection Agency. Says a high Administration official: "As long as the regulators are regulating themselves, what can you expect? What would happen on the price side if you got the 50 biggest firms together and told them to run the price program?"

While the incomes policy is shaky, the Administration's fiscal and monetary initiatives, which will be decisive factors in reducing inflation, are moving ahead relatively smoothly. In next year's budget, the White House is shooting for expenditures of about \$530 billion vs. \$492 billion this year, an increase of 7.7%, which is below the current inflation rate. To achieve that and hold the deficit to less than \$30 billion will require substantial cutting in the growth of the budget; the President seems determined to do this. There are signs that he may even fudge on his promise to NATO to increase U.S. defense spending by 3% in real terms next year.

The Federal Reserve Board's monetary policy is turning tighter in an effort to restrain credit and the money supply. To signal its intentions, the board controls the interest rate for Fed funds, which are reserves that banks lend each other. That rate has risen to a high 10%. In addition, the nation's basic money supply, or M.1, dropped \$1.9 billion to \$359.5



guarded benefits, such as health insurance and pensions, would eat up most, and in some cases all, of the allowable raise without adding a dime to paychecks. Amid cries for more flexibility, the Administration stumbled about for several weeks before it indicated last week that workers would not be charged for higher costs of maintaining present benefit levels.

Even with these fixes, union chiefs reject the guidelines, which they contend limit wages much more rigidly than prices. Last week the 22,000-member Western Pulp and Paper Workers sued in federal court in Portland, Ore., to have the standards declared illegal. The charge: the program is mandatory, and the President has no congressional au-

Economy & Business

billion during the week ending Nov. 22.

One consequence is that economic growth is slowing. Though GM Chairman Thomas Aquinas Murphy, who has a remarkably accurate forecasting ability, predicts that new car sales in the U.S. will climb from this year's near-record 11.3 million to 11.5 million next year, the more orthodox wisdom is that sales of both autos and new houses will decline in 1979. Carter conceded last week that the economy's growth rate will fall slightly below the rather modest 3% that his White House aides had been predicting. His real test will come when the tighter budget and monetary policies begin to bite, the subsidies are reduced, and loans and jobs become harder to get. Then the President will have to decide between standing firm or caving in to the protests of special interest groups. Considering that such a broad majority of Americans are being hurt by inflation, standing firm would seem the best means to help his reelection chances. As Carter said last week: "Instead of being an unpopular act, I think it would be popular." ■

Daring Marriage

A suitor for Firestone

Why should an aggressive, well-managed firm want to buy Firestone, the most troubled tire company in the land? Ask Borg-Warner (1977 sales of \$2.03 billion), which last week announced a proposed merger that is really an \$870 million takeover of the much larger tire and rubber maker ('77 sales: \$4.4 billion). The advantages are clearer for Firestone and its unhappy stockholders than for Borg-Warner, which makes auto parts, air-conditioning gear, chemicals and plastics.

Firestone has lived this year with slumping profits, a falling stock price and bad publicity over alleged defects in its 500-series radial tires. Last week it signed a pact with the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration promising to recall and replace up to 7.5 million of the radials, which are no longer being manufactured. After tax write-offs, the company expects the recall to cost \$135 mil-

lion, or more than its \$110 million profit last year.

On the other hand, Borg-Warner seems to be getting a bargain. In a complicated exchange of stock, it would pay about \$15 a share for Firestone. That is some \$2 above the market price before the offer but far less than last year's \$24 high and well below Firestone's book value of about \$25 a share, or \$1.5 billion. Aside from collecting assets cheaply, Borg-Warner would be buying 1) protection from a possible unwelcome bidder for its own company, 2) a sizable paper loss from the 500-series recall that could be used to reduce future taxes and 3) Firestone's hoard of spare cash.

Firestone still faces a Government fine, countless lawsuits over the 500-series tires, and the possibility that the bad publicity may deflate sales of its new, different 721-series tires. Borg-Warner seems prepared to accept these risks, but the deal may still not go through. Washington trustbusters could easily challenge a marriage that would be one of the largest in U.S. business history. ■

Yes, We Have No Bananas

Maverick Economist Alfred Kahn has a penchant for candor that is both refreshing and dangerous in Washington. When he said that there is the possibility of a "deep, deep depression" if inflation continues to soar, the President was furious. Kahn responded by purging the word depression from his vocabulary and instead using "banana." So he now says: "We're in danger of having the worst banana in 45 years."

Kahn never lets an opportunity for a quip pass him by. Commenting on the success of his profession, he gibes: "The Pope is telling economist jokes." Asked why he accepted the thankless job of trying to throttle inflation, he replies: "I'm 61 years old. What am I saving it for?" He is brutally frank about his chances for success. Says he: "My prediction [on the growth of the economy] isn't worth the air it rides on."

Quite a few officials are finding Kahn's abrasive forthrightness more than a little unsettling. Like the circus elephant that favors the crowd with his antics, he needs a small army of men to come around after the performance and clean up the mess. Last week, under pressure from the White House, Kahn had to retract his airy statement that Arab oil producers are "shnooks."

His *faux pas* aside, many feel that Kahn has Achilles' heels on both feet. He lacks two major instruments of bureaucratic strength: an operational staff and a power base. When he went to Carter with a request for four assistants, he was initially refused permission to hire anyone. Last week the President approved the staffing request, but told Kahn to try to nab some spare

bodies from other agencies. Enormously successful in piloting the airline deregulation drive while he was head of the Civil Aeronautics Board, Kahn finds his new job much tougher because he does not have the force of any tangible organization to back him up. Reports TIME Washington Economic Correspondent George Taber: "Economic policy under Carter has been very confused, and adding Kahn to the kitchen has made things worse. Kahn has a distinct disadvantage: he is not responsible for any single area, like the budget or regulation or economic projections. Everything that he wants to do will depend on the willingness of some other agency or department chief to go along."

The problems of little staff and no turf are compounded because Kahn does not want to serve as the Administration's major jawboner or supervise the day-to-day monitoring of wages and prices. He prefers to leave the handling of 7% wage guidelines and the figuring out of profit margins to Barry Bosworth, the Council on Wage and Price Stability director, another academic who is temperamentally unsuited for the job. Instead, Kahn sees his role as an inflation ombudsman. He says that he wants to restrain Government activities that foster inflation. Kahn plans on cutting regulation, loosening up building codes, freeing land use and promoting more competition among public utilities.

Fortunately, Kahn gets on well with most other economic policymakers, notably Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal and Chief Economic Adviser Charles Schultz. Just about everybody in Washington agrees that Kahn is talented, if a bit of a ham, but that he needs to direct himself better. Kahn concurs: "I'm getting pretty sick of talking about all the things I'm going to do. I want to devote more time to the substance of this job."



Kahn, Economic Adviser Schultz and Bosworth at Senate hearing: A number of laughs, but Achilles' heels on both feet?

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The 5 1/4" Double Drivers not only give you a double-barreled thrust



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of midrange, they also team up with an 8" passive radiator for a big, punchy, extra thrust of bass. And with its 2 1/2" tweeter, high frequencies sound crisp and clear.

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COVER STORY

Cosmetics: Kiss and Sell

Painting Christmas bright by marketing hope and hype

I have heard of your paintings too, well enough: God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another.

—Hamlet, speaking to Ophelia

Only one other? Perhaps in Elizabethan times, when cosmetics were just becoming popular. But a 1978 American Ophelia can make herself a different face for each passing mood, each fantasized role, even each time of day. At the office, she can sport the fresh, "natural" look of the career woman, by using a dozen shades and tints, from eye liner to translucent lip gloss, all supposed to make her appear as if she were wearing no makeup at all. Then, in the evening, she can switch to smoky mauve eye shadow and dark red lipstick touched with midnight blue, calculated to give her a mysterious aura that

least, cleansers to take the stuff off, all adding up to...

Well, to a turbulent industry that takes fish scales, seaweed, ambergris, flower oils, sulfides, acids and other sometimes unglamorous ingredients, mixes them in endlessly varied combinations, whips them with imaginative advertising and promotion, and winds up selling some \$10 billion worth of hopes and dreams each year. It is a bruisingly competitive business that requires little capital to enter but plenty of moxie to survive in. An entrepreneur with creative flair can still rise fast, though that is getting harder all the time, and an established company can go downhill with blinding speed after the founding genius dies (Helena Rubinstein and Max Factor have been absorbed by conglomerates, and are in varying degrees of trouble now). Through



will stand out under disco lights and smite her dancing partners with an advanced case of Saturday Night Fever.

To achieve these and other appearances, the modern woman can select from an array of contouring creams, blushes, enamels, colors and scents that would have staggered Ophelia or even her own mother, who got by with only basic lipstick and powder. A big cosmetics company today produces around 2,500 shades of nail polish, many with matching lipsticks, of course. Plus different perfumes, colognes, toilet waters and other fragrances to be worn at the supermarket, on the tennis court, when running—yes, when running—when dining, when saying goodnight to her Sweet Prince. Plus unnumbered shampoos, moisturizers, eye shadows, lip glosses, mascaras and, not

all the turmoil, a few cosmetics firms have catered to the narcissistic tastes of the "me generation" skillfully enough to keep growing rapidly; and one, Revlon, Inc., has developed into a General Motors of beauty.

In its kaleidoscopically changing industry, Revlon stands out for at least two reasons. While most of its rivals concentrate on either class or mass markets, Revlon sells cosmetics, toiletries and fragrances in every price range through every type of retail outlet, from the most exclusive department stores and beauty salons to the most crowded discount houses (it is even test-selling a few products in supermarkets). Equally important, it has survived triumphantly the moment of maximum danger for a cosmetics company: the death of the founder. The test





came four years ago with the terminal illness of Charles Revlon, a free-spending, profane, tyrannical but occasionally lovable entrepreneur who had built Revlon largely on his own unflinching instinct for what women would regard as glamorous—deciding every design detail of every package and firing legions of aides and admen.

Possibly sensing that his company had grown too big to be run out of his hat, Revlon in late 1974 recruited as his successor a man with a completely different personality: Michel Christian Bergerac. Tall, suave and mustached, he is a French-born Basque who looks and talks (in Gallic-flavored English) like the kind of smoothy who should be running a cosmetics empire. But he started out as an electric power salesman, trained as a manager in the ITT cauldron, and rose to head that conglomerate's European operations, a job that taught him about acquisitions, finance, and the making and marketing of just about any-



Clockwise from top center: Bergerac in his African room; his favorite ad: Revlon makeup artist at work in Chicago's Carson Pirie Scott store; Lauren Hutton showing the new mysterious look; production line at Revlon factory; Shelley Hack pitching Charlie



thing. At Revlon, while continuing to broaden the product line and promoting some new merchandising ideas, Chairman Bergerac, now 46, talks a language that was long unfamiliar to the cosmetics trade. It is a lingo of inventory control, strict manufacturing standards and tight, detailed budgets. The payoff: sales and profits have multiplied about 2½ times during his four years as boss, growing more than twice as fast as the industry average. This year Revlon will earn about \$125 million on sales of \$1.5 billion. It will become the first company



Testing nail polish for quality and color



At Revlon lab, humidity resistance is measured in hot box, and chemist analyzes dyes



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ever to sell \$1 billion worth of beauty products through retail stores.*

Presuming, that is, that Christmas sales go as well as Bergerac and other cosmetics executives have every reason to expect. About one-third of all their sales are rung up between Thanksgiving and Christmas, when men indulge their women and women indulge themselves. 'Tis the season when department-store cosmetics counters are jammed and the air redolent of thousands of mixed scents as women spray themselves with a bit of this and a touch of that. Men's eyes are often struck by the sight of a woman daubing lipstick onto her hand to get a better idea of the shade—and leaving five or six stripes of what looks like war paint.

This bustle has been matched in non-cosmetics areas of many stores in the early days of the Christmas season. Shoppers, or at least lookers, have thronged stores in Boston and Atlanta; in Dallas, weekend motorists have had to cruise endlessly before finding a vacant space in shopping-center parking lots. But retailers still do not have a feel for how much the public will buy in a season of inflation-pinched pocketbooks and recession fears. Though some detect a one-last-fling attitude on the part of customers, many merchants have been notably cautious in stocking up, largely because high interest rates make borrowing to carry a large inventory too much of a risk. Says Leonard Lauder, president of Estée Lauder Inc., Revlon's toughest rival in the high-priced end of the cosmetics business: "The thing I predict with absolute certainty for this Christmas is that the people who wait until Dec. 24 to do their shopping will find the shelves bare."

Whatever happens to other sales, retailers and manufacturers happily agree that cosmetics will boom. Perfumes, bath

oils, makeup kits and the like are always among the most popular gifts. Besides, says Eve Levinson, vice president of the California-based Broadway chain of 47 department stores: "There is this tremendous interest in self-gratification and ego satisfaction, which heightens demand for luxury items such as designer fragrances." She refers to the trend among leading dress designers—Bill Blass, Anne Klein, Halston—to sign their names to perfumes formulated and sold by cosmetics houses.

Nor would a recession in 1979 be likely to hurt the industry much. Cosmetics sales traditionally continue rising during a mild economic downturn, and dip only slightly in a severe one. Some top-of-the-line items benefit from hard times: a man who wants to give a woman a stunning gift but decides that a \$150 handbag, say, would leave his wallet too thin, may select a \$50 bottle of perfume. In the low-priced field, remarks Bergerac, any woman can spend \$2.25 for a lipstick that will brighten her mood as well as her appearance. Says he: "When things get rough, women tend to be a little depressed, and somewhere along the line it is nice to go get some cosmetics and feel good."

The whole industry revolves around making women feel good—which they rarely can unless they think they look attractive. True, sales of men's colognes, skin toners and other cosmetics have been rising fast and now account for a large but indeterminate fraction of the business. Men too have been captivated by the growing national preoccupation with youthful appearance and bodily fitness. Still, women buy about 95% of men's cosmetics as presents for husbands, boyfriends and fathers, many of whom also cheat by dabbing on some of the women's creams and foundation colorings with the bathroom door closed. In any event, almost all the business revolves directly around the female mind and body, subjects of endless diversity and fascination.

Demographic and social changes reward cosmetics firms that stay on top of them, and punish those that do not. As birth rates drop and the postwar babies reach their 30s, the population is aging. That presents a difficult problem, alas, for cosmetics makers, who know only too well that any appeal to women who are "mature" or "experienced" (or whatever other euphemism might be dreamed up for older women) would be the kiss of death. One response that Bergerac has made is to retarget Revlon's lowest-priced line, Natural Wonder, once aimed specifically at teen-agers, to reach women aged 18 to 34—not by changing the products but by picturing slightly older females in the ads. Just over half of all American women now have jobs as less than a third in 1968, and that is a boon for the industry. Working women have both the need and the cash to buy cosmetics, and use 30% more

*Avon beat Revlon into the billion-dollar club six years ago but it sells only door-to-door. The remainder of Revlon's sales come from products as varied as Tums, blood plasma and contact lens cleaner.

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of them than housewives do. But they cannot spend hours making up between breakfast and bus stop, so they demand cosmetics that can be put on quickly and easily, at least for office wear.

By far the most intriguing—and riskiest—changes are those that cosmetics makers try in order to fit their products to women's mental pictures of themselves. There is a complicated and mysterious business in which product, packaging and advertising must work together to present a unified appeal to emotions that may be partly unconscious. Revlon has pushed this psychological approach as hard as anyone, as is best illustrated by a three-part tale that also is a commentary on American life-styles.

to the big time in the scent market.

Alas, in the mercurial cosmetics business, almost all products have short half-lives, and Charlie's sales have started to decline. But before they did, Bergerac and Revlon were ready with both an explanation and a new product. The trend to liberation, Bergerac believes, masked a deep, underlying yearning: "You hear that women want to 'do their own thing,' but there are still quite a lot of women around who are romantic, women who like a lot of nice fluffy or lacy things. There are a lot of ladies who like to be kissed in the moonlight, strange as that may sound." And how did he know that, since it is the kind of feeling unlikely to be turned up by a solemn market survey? Bergerac replies, with a delighted chuckle: "In this business you guess a lot."

is a Revlon director, a woman wearing natural-look makeup will simply vanish into the glare. Solution: highlight the eyes and lips with dark shades that will catch male eyes. What kind of fragrance goes with that? Opium, perhaps. It is a heavy, spicy perfume put out by Yves St. Laurent for \$100 an ounce; Revlon has a lighter-scented version for about \$9.50.

This ensemble suggests to Bergerac and his aides an exotic look and aura reminiscent of Gene Tierney in the 1940s movie *The Shanghai Gesture*. So they have put together ads picturing Model Lauren Hutton, now 35 and long Revlon's high-glamour symbol, wearing a veiled hat to tout the Veiled Reds lipstick shade—the one touched with midnight blue—in Revlon's high-priced Ultima II line. For its dark lipsticks and smoky eye shadow, the



Lipstick on his hand, Charles Revlon checks out shades with Model Suzy Parker in 1956; Gene Tierney in *Shanghai Gesture*, 1941

High profit margins may once have hidden sloppiness, but now smoky romance goes together with tight inventory control.

By 1973, women quite obviously had become emancipated and ready to meet men as equals. In one response to that attitude, cosmetics companies rushed out the "natural look" cosmetics, notably light lip gloss, moisturizers and subtle blushers. But what kind of fragrance would fit the liberated aura? Revlon, in his last burst of creative inspiration, directed the development of a blend of floral and herbal scents that the p.r. people (and many users) avow has a "clean, fresh" aroma. As something of a last testament, Revlon named the product after himself "Charlie." Marketing it was mostly left to Bergerac. He chose ads that show Model Shelley Hack, 27, sauntering through life with a jaunty, devil-may-care stride—past Big Ben or the Arc de Triomphe. The campaign sold—and how! Charlie became the world's top-selling fragrance and catapulted Revlon from the minor leagues

Three years ago, even before Charlie was approaching its peak, Revlon came up with Jontue, a mixture of floral scents that smells rather like gardenia and that, by common consent, is a bit "sexier" than Charlie's jasmine. The Jontue ads feature models who wear filmy white gowns amid swirling, silvery mists, and the copy proclaims that, thanks to Jontue, they are "Sensual... yet with a touch of innocence." Result: Jontue has rocketed to No. 2 in world fragrance sales, right behind Charlie.

In the more visible paint-and-powdery side of the business, the kings of cosmetics are now promoting a new, new smoky look that reflects a hunger for mystery and allure. In part it is a response to a severely practical consideration: the popularity of discos. Under their garish lights, notes Aileen Mehle, who writes a newspaper gossip column as Suzy and

company also subsidizes department store promotions featuring 1940s costumes and even ceiling fans to suggest old movies about the Far East. All that gets pretty far removed from discos: certainly Revlon's admen would not dream of suggesting that a woman go disco dancing in a veiled hat. But if disco lights dictate dark lips and eyes, and that suggests an exotic aura of which veils are a symbol—well, who gives a damn about logic?

Other cosmetics makers dismiss the Gene Tierney look as, literally, old hat, but they agree enthusiastically with Bergerac on the more general theme that romance and mystery are back in, supplementing if not replacing the natural look. Having established their independence, women can shift from daytime pants to dressy fashions at night, and choose makeup and fragrances to match. "As we move from the '70s into the '80s, there is a general shift from feminist to feminine."

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says Frederick Scott, vice president of Elizabeth Arden. Marilyn Miglin, owner of a cosmetics salon on Chicago's Gold Coast, agrees: "The trend now is switching back to pure glamour." Which does not necessarily mean that the natural look and the life-style it suggests are out: happily for cosmetics sales, both it and smoky mystery can live in peaceful coexistence. One adman puts the point pithily: "Nobody is giving up sex for jogging. People like to do both."

It is rather surprising that Revlon's Bergerac has been so successful in sensing such subtle shifts in women's psychology and the subliminal instincts that shape it. A multinational manager who probably would do as well selling steel ingots or instant pancakes, Bergerac was trained in the exacting school run by flinty Harold Geneen, the creator of ITT.

Born in the French resort town of Biarritz, the son of a chief of the local gas and electric company, Bergerac studied economics and political science at the Sorbonne and Cambridge. He came to the U.S. at 21, earned an M.B.A. from U.C.L.A., and for one six-month period worked as a ranch hand roping horses in Oregon. He joined Cannon Electric Co. of Los Angeles as a salesman, and in three years worked up to international vice president. Meanwhile, he became a U.S. citizen and married Norma Langstaff, a Los Angeles abstract painter who has had several art shows. In 1963, ITT acquired Cannon and shortly thereafter ordered Bergerac back to Europe to straighten out a small group of companies that were losing money.

Geneen was then building ITT into the world's biggest conglomerate; in Europe the firm's satellite companies sold life insurance and made food products, auto parts and construction materials, among many other things—including a few cosmetics. Bergerac helped negotiate about 100 acquisitions of companies for ITT. In 1971, at the age of 39, he was promoted to the job of running all ITT European operations from a base in Brussels. By encouraging still more acquisitions and spurring the companies' internal growth, he doubled European sales during the next three years to \$5 billion. He was a prime candidate to follow Geneen as head of ITT when Revlon, who realized he was dying of cancer, started a search for a successor who could bring the company professional management.

Revlon knew the Bergerac name; Michel's older brother Jacques, a onetime movie actor and briefly the husband of Ginger Rogers, worked for Revlon (he heads its French operations). Michel and Revlon had a meeting at the Palm restaurant in Manhattan, at which, another

Revlon executive recalls, the clatter of dishes kept drowning out Revlon's words, and Revlon could scarcely fathom Bergerac's accent; neither understood much of what the other said. Bergerac remembers asking Revlon at another meeting: "Why do you want somebody like me? I have been associated for a long time with basically technical products, so I know a fair amount about factories, marketing and technical engineering, but..." Revlon's reply: "I know all that, but you have one thing this company needs. You know how to make money."

Why did Bergerac leave ITT to head a much smaller, though still giant, company? One reason may have been the grind of ITT. Geneen drove his execu-

ing weekends free to take his wife and daughter Mary Jennifer, 20,* to the theater or to his 300-acre Fox Ridge Farm in upstate New York. There, Bergerac has surrounded himself with a menagerie: dogs, ducks, goats, guinea hens, sheep, steers.

The farm is not a commercial venture. Bergerac simply loves animals and delights in feeding lettuce to a goat named Dudley by hand. He sees no inconsistency in also being a big-game hunter who takes his family on an African safari almost every year; he considers Kenya the most beautiful place in the world. At Revlon, he has fixed up a sanctuary next to the lavish chairman's office: an African room decorated with an antelope-skin rug and

a huge mural of Kenyan plains showing giraffe, zebra, water buffalo and other animals and that he can gaze at to rest his eyes from reading Revlon budgets. Though his company must stay attuned to the disco scene, Outdoorsman Bergerac has no taste for it himself. "You will never see me in Studio 54," he vows.



Bergerac feeding lettuce to his goat Dudley at his farm.
The first Jontue horse was a sway-backed plow dragger.

To induce Bergerac to switch companies, Revlon offered him one of the lushest deals in corporate history: a \$1.5 million bonus just to sign, plus \$325,000 a year guaranteed, plus some incentive payments geared to the growth of sales and profits. Last year Bergerac collected \$794,000. The deal for a while caused the financial press to call Bergerac by the spectacularly inappropriate nickname of "Catfish," after Catfish Hunter, the pitcher whom the Yankees signed to another seven-figure contract at about the same time. Oddly, in Brussels, Bergerac presented himself as an American executive called Mike; back in the U.S. he is referred to as Michel, which seems more appropriate for a cosmetics king.

Bergerac, a man of broad intellectual interests—art, architecture, African geography and history—clearly is fascinated at running a business that is firmly based on psychology and fashion. He gossips delightedly about a competing company's "nose" (perfume tester) who, he insists, has hardly any sense of smell at all, and he is wryly amused by the copycat nature of the industry. Any new shade or fragrance that looks salable will almost instantly spur development of three or four nearly identical competing products. Says Bergerac: "Maybe that is one definition of creativity." He denies that Revlon stoops to any industrial espionage, though he believes competitors do and suspects that such shenanigans are inefficient anyway. More than once he has floated false rumors of

tives at a frenzied pace; in Brussels, Bergerac worked about 80 hours a week. Geneen also conducted marathon monthly meetings that sometimes lasted for four days, at which subordinates were expected to spout reams of figures on cue and might be publicly humiliated by the boss if they could not do it. Associates remember Bergerac as always smiling and calm in this pressure cooker, but they cannot imagine that he enjoyed it.

Bergerac will now work as late into the night as may be required at the Revlon headquarters in Manhattan's General Motors Building (known as General Odors because several cosmetics firms are perched there). But he believes that "if one gets completely immersed in work seven days a week, one loses his balance and that is not good." So he insists on leav-

*Son Randolph, 23, attends Stanford

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what products Revlon would introduce next—and then sat back to laugh while rivals scrambled to reproduce those nonexistent products. Did he have any trouble adjusting from the hard-goods world of delivery schedules and manufacturing specifications to the selling of glamour and other intangibles based sometimes on plain old hunch? On the contrary, says he: "It's like being reborn!"

The cosmetics industry, of course, is not all paint and puffery. It has a hard technical side, as Bergerac points out. For example, a fragrance may exude an alluring aroma when first sprayed on but then change or lose its scent altogether in an hour, unless manufacturers observe the strictest quality control. Product testing can be as grueling as in a factory making any other kind of goods. To be sure that makeup will withstand long wear, Revlon sometimes requires a woman to sit for hours in a room where the temperature is 90° F. and the humidity 100%; wind-shield wipers have to clear away the steam from the windows so that analysts can peer in.

There are special problems in creating makeup for black women, and the major cosmetics houses long neglected them. All skin "exfoliates": minute pieces come loose and peel off, with the result that everybody gets a new coat of skin

THE COSMETICS DOLLAR

Where it goes



every 28 days or so. On white women the effect is often unnoticeable, but the exfoliation can make ashen spots show up on dark skin, unless it is covered with special emollients. The upper and lower lips of black women sometimes differ in color—slightly, but enough to require application of a special base to the relatively lighter lower lip if a lipstick is not to come out two different shades. To tap this market, Revlon three years ago brought out a line of Polished Ambers cosmetics—under the Revlon name rather than some specially invented one, as Bergerac proudly notes. He explains: "In doing it that way you do not discriminate. What we are saying is that black ladies are important enough for us to use our own name in appeal-

ing to them." (The courtly Bergerac still uses the word "ladies" quite as often as "women.")

The financial side of the business was often overlooked by the original entrepreneurial managers, who relied on high profit margins to cover up sloppiness. Under Charles Revson, Revlon ground out products in huge volumes, took long risks with new lines and often wound up getting piles of merchandise returned from stores. Many other cosmetics makers still do, but at Revlon, Bergerac has put in tight inventory controls and persuaded customers to pay bills more promptly. He figures that if

the company were still being run the way it was when he arrived, it would have to borrow \$350 million of additional capital to finance its operations and pay \$35 million a year in interest. Saving that much, he says, permits Revlon to "take creative flyers" on some product lines that it otherwise would not introduce—Polished Ambers, for instance.

Some analysts and even company insiders wonder whether Revlon can maintain creativity in an atmosphere of tight control. Bergerac insists that it can. To him, creativity is not a matter of sitting around waiting for inspiration to strike, but of striving against deadlines to design products, packages and ads for carefully targeted markets.

Unlike Charles Revson, Bergerac

Of Ceteareth-5 and Water

Sometimes the only way to tell one cosmetic from the other is by the price tag. Competing products use many of the same ingredients, and what the customer buys is often the mystique and the prestige, as well as color or scent. Lipsticks are basically made of waxes, oils, fragrance and color, although 31 ingredients go into Revlon's Raspberry and only 23 into Maybelline's Toasted Brick. Perfumes are costly in part because of small quantities of exceptionally expensive natural oils. Among some of the exceptionally prized, the prices per lb. run: jasmine \$4,091, oeillette \$4,727, orrisroot \$4,773, attar of rose \$1,136 and ambrette seed \$2,318.

Since 1977 the Food and Drug Administration has required that all cosmetics companies list the ingredients of each product on the package. But the consumer does not understand what many of those chemical names mean. Surely most buyers would be hard put to know after the longest head-scratching what might be the purpose of compounds like triethanolamine and imidazolidinyl urea, which are found in many cosmetics. One of them, for example, is Alexandra de Markoff's Countess Isserlyn Creme: it is a high quality makeup, commonly known as a foundation, that costs \$25 for a 2-oz. jar. There are a few makeup creams

that cost more and many that cost less. But for many years Alexandra de Markoff, which is a division of Charles of the Ritz, based its advertising on the theme that its products were better because they were expensive.

The Isserlyn Creme jar lists 20 ingredients, most of them common chemicals and none of them particularly costly. Six of these ingredients—decyl oleate, lanolin oil, propylene gly-

col, isostearic acid, acetylated lanolin alcohol and ceteareth-5—are moisturizers and emollients. These relieve dryness and protect the skin by softening, conditioning and lubricating it. Triethanolamine, stearic acid, glyceryl stearate, magnesium aluminum silicate and PEG-75 lanolin oil are emulsifiers that enable the other ingredients to mix and form a smooth lotion. Three of the ingredients are pigments, which give color to the skin when the cream goes on. They are titanium dioxide, iron oxides and talc. There are also three preservatives to lengthen the shelf life of the cream: methylparaben, imidazolidinyl urea and propylparaben. In fact, the most expensive ingredient is propylparaben, which sells for about \$3.30 per lb. But a safe assumption is that scarcely 2¢ worth ever finds its way into the jar.

The Isserlyn Creme formula is finished off with fragrance so that it all smells nice. The largest single ingredient is—guess what—water. Mixing it with the other ingredients makes the cream moist and smooth.



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does not devise new colors or designs; that is done by Cosmetic and Fragrance President Paul Woolard and executives grouped into seven "houses," which are practically minicompanies, each concentrating on a particular price range and type of customer. But Bergerac must approve all major changes, and he is an exacting judge with an eye for detail. The model in the Jontue ads is pictured leading a white horse; to Outdoorsman Bergerac, the first horse that subordinates showed him looked like a sway-backed plow dragger. The boss bought his admen a book on horses and insisted that they study it to pick a more imposing beast. They chose an Arabian stallion that is now pictured in almost every Jontue ad and counter display—a hallmark of Bergerac's approach. He insists that a woman must find at the cosmetics counter the

image beyond high price. Under Bergerac's constant questioning about "Who is the Borghese woman?" aides finally defined her as a person of sophisticated elegance—and, one gathers, refined eroticism. Ads for Borghese perfume ("The Perfume of the Night") feature an obviously nude woman, her head and shoulders bathed in a rosy glow, the rest of her body outlined in deep shadow. Bergerac's favorite ad, which shows a bare-breasted Borghese woman in silhouette, also ran in the Revlon annual report.

Borghese's name, of course, was also chosen (by Revson) to lend a note of elegance; one woman who uses the perfume was let down to discover that it came from Revlon. Says she: "I bought it because I thought it was Italian." Cosmetics names in general are picked to convey some image, but among the thousands of nail pol-

prestige stores, which raises the manufacturing cost per unit.

High price is itself a selling point in cosmetics, a fact about which Bergerac is not the least apologetic. Asked if a \$2.50 lipstick and a \$6 lipstick are just the same product in a different case, he replies that the formulas are changed, but swiftly shoots back a question of his own. "Suppose they were the same and you knew it? Which would you buy for your wife if you wanted to impress her? If spending more makes you feel better, why not do it? How can you put a price on happiness?"

For investors, happiness is rising sales and profits, and Bergerac has certainly given them that. Sales jumped from \$639 million in 1974, Revson's last year, to \$1.1 billion in 1977. Profits rose even faster, from \$54 million in 1974 to \$98 million last year. That includes international operations; Revlon manufactures in 25 countries and sells in more than 100. Bergerac is negotiating with officials of the Soviet Ministry of Food Industry, which has jurisdiction over cosmetics, to work out a deal to sell Revlon products in the U.S.S.R. "The market is clearly enormous," he says. Foreign cosmetics are a big black-market item in the Soviet Union, because the stodgily run government factories do not turn out lipsticks and fragrances in the quantity and variety that women yearn to buy.

About a third of Revlon's sales come from its health-care business: drugs to control high blood pressure, antineoplastic soaps, diagnostic laboratories. Revlon began diversifying into this field. Bergerac has pushed much further, mostly by acquisition. The products are related, he notes, and Revlon's pretax profit margins in health care (25.5%) are even higher than in beauty products (20.6%).

In the cosmetics industry, a gossip and sometimes backbiting trade, the acquisitions have stirred talk that Bergerac intends to make Revlon another ITT. The president of one competing firm goes so far as to predict that in ten years Revlon will no longer be basically a cosmetics company but a conglomerate. Bergerac laughs off the idea, and his bubbling delight in the cosmetics business does make it seem farfetched. Some rivals and retailers also grumble that Revlon is cheapening its image by toying with the idea of selling in supermarkets. Bergerac replies that it is only testing that approach in Dallas, Denver, Phoenix and Seattle, and merely for products of the low-priced Natural Wonder line.

Successful as the company has been, the market is so mercurial that no cosmetics firm can ever really be safe, a bad mistake can be ruinous. A classic example is Max Factor's "Just Call Me Maxi" fragrance, introduced last year to compete with Charlie. It came about four years too late, as taste was at the



Showing Revlon cosmetics to potential buyer at Isetan department store in Tokyo
Also trying to woo Soviet women disenchanted by government stodginess

same symbol that may have caught her eye in an ad, so that she can instantly identify the product.

Bergerac has doubled Revlon's advertising budget, to some \$135 million this year, and developed a merchandising program called Retail Partners, under which Revlon designs displays and provides promotional materials for stores to encourage them to put on splashy shows. One for Bordeaux lipstick, nail polish and other cosmetics took a whole floor of Manhattan's Bonwit Teller. Revlon supplied books on wine and even old wine barrels to show off. When a Revlon product is a hit, Bergerac quickly follows it with others under the same name. Charlie, for example, has spread since 1974 from a fragrance to a line of cosmetics and soap.

Most of all, Bergerac nags his managers to identify clearly the customer that a particular product is aimed at: her tastes, attitudes, psychology. When he arrived, the Borghese brand of cleansers, moisturizers and fragrances had no particular

ish and lipstick shade names, the images get a bit fuzzy. In Revlon's line, the appeal of Passionata Pink or Pink Vivido might be clear enough. But Blase Apricot? Bergerac himself laughingly wonders. "What kind of psychological profile could you draw for the woman who buys Blase Apricot?"

Hype and hoopla apart, is there any difference between expensive and popular-priced cosmetics? Yes, there is some. High-priced eye shadow may contain fish scales for extra shine; prestige perfumes have more natural essential oils and fewer synthetic ones than cheaper scents. But Francis Le Cates Jr., a cosmetics analyst at Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette, estimates that on average only 8% of the cosmetics sales dollar goes to pay for ingredients. The extra cost of the better ones used in prestige products comes nowhere near accounting for the difference in selling price. The real difference is in fancier packaging, splashier promotion, and the fact that the swankier cosmetics are made in limited quantity for sale through

'Vantage. I just won't compromise on taste.'

"I'm willing to make some concessions, but taste isn't one of them. Even though I've heard the tar stories, I still want a cigarette with good taste."

"That's why I'm glad I switched to Vantage."

"With Vantage, I get the taste I smoked for in the first place. And that wasn't easy to find in a low tar."

"For me, Vantage is the best tasting low tar cigarette there is."

Jack G. Bacon

Jack G. Bacon
Memphis, Tennessee



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and Vantage 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL:
11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report MAY '78.

Economy & Business

point of switching back to romance and mystery, and bombed so badly that Factor plunged deep into the red; the debacle is widely believed to have cost President Sam Kalish, a Revlon alumnus, his job.

If Revlon does stumble, plenty of competitors are waiting to snatch away its customers. Estée Lauder, a family-owned company that stresses a theme of understated elegance in its promotions, concentrates entirely on prestige stores and outsells Revlon in them 3 to 1. In the popular-priced field, Avon still holds a lead, though Revlon has been catching up. In the rush to sign up big-name clothes designers to put their names on perfumes, other firms have been quite as aggressive as Revlon. Revlon bagged Bill Blass, but Norton Simon Inc., parent company

of Max Factor, got Halston, and Helena Rubinstein took Anne Klein. Calvin Klein has built up a big business operating on his own.

In general the large companies probably will take an ever increasing share of the market, because they have the money for the extensive research, intensive promotion and building up of widespread distribution networks. The growth of cosmetics sales is expected to slow a bit, to perhaps 8% or 8.5% annually over the next few years, from 9% to 12.5% during 1976-77-78. One reason is that cosmetics companies are suffering from their own promotional success: many women now regard cosmetics as necessities to be bought all the time, rather than as luxury items to splurge on when incomes rise. That attitude helps

to keep cosmetics sales from falling during a recession, but prevents them from rising as fast as sales of some other goods during a boom.

Still, the industry's hold on its customers is secure, and one has only to plow the stores to find out why. At Bloomingdale's in Manhattan last week, a bluejeaned young woman sat at the counter being made up by a saleswoman while her husband watched eagerly. She hesitated at first when the bill for her face makeup—eye shadow, foundation, mascara, liners, lip pencils—came to \$42. But she gave in and paid when her husband murmured, "You really look great, honey." Then he turned to the salesgirl and asked, "Isn't she pretty?" No one who saw the light in his eyes would have to ask what the woman got for her \$42. ■

The Newest Skin Game

After years of encouraging women to cover their skin with layers of makeup, cosmetics chiefs have begun to place more emphasis on the skin itself. The care of skin, particularly cleaning and lubricating, is the fastest-growing segment of the industry. Companies are replacing the old jar of cold cream with complete product lines to firm crepey necks, nourish the skin and control trouble spots.

While Main Street Ms. America pays \$2 for simple moisturizers and cleansers, the more affluent are willing to drop \$235 on the complete La Prairie line of five Swiss-made "miracle" creams and lotions that are sold at some department stores. The \$70 Treatment Cream contains live cells from sheep placenta, ostensibly to retard aging. Probably the most successful of the full lines is Estée Lauder's Clinique, consisting of seven products concocted with the help of dermatologists and priced from \$6.50 to \$7.50 each. In many department stores, the Clinique counter resembles a laboratory, where the saleswomen wear white uniforms and products are packaged in antiseptic green. On the counter sits a computer-like box that asks the customer eight questions about her complexion, which she answers by moving silver knobs. The answers are supposed to determine her skin type and thus the right group of Clinique cleansers, moisturizers and creams for her. Or him. Two years ago, Clinique started to market a full line for men.

Beauty clinics—notably those of Georgette Klinger, Elizabeth Arden, Christine Valmy and Adrien Arpel—cater to women who want treatments that they hope will keep their skin appearing young, smooth, wrinkle-free. Prices vary, but the average cost for a one-hour facial is \$30. In Los Angeles, where looking good is an obsession, Aida Grey's baby-bottom-pink salon pampers 300 customers daily. They book their appointments as much as four months in advance, and their purses are lighter by \$25 to

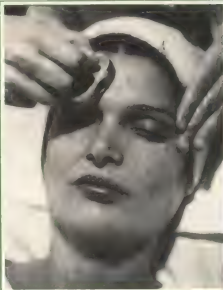
\$100 when they leave. An ad for a \$40 "Day of Beauty" at an Adrien Arpel clinic in Beverly Hills produced a waiting list of 140 names in 24 hours.

Some beauty-clinic owners are eager to demystify the treatments. Says Czech-born Georgette Klinger, who manufactures and sells 35 products for cleansing alone: "Magic creams don't exist. There is no magic in anything. It is absolutely not necessary to pay \$100—that's just for prestige."

At Klinger's salons in Manhattan, Chicago, Beverly Hills and Bal Harbour, Fla., the \$30 treatment is basically the same for anyone who walks through the door, but individual skin type determines which of Klinger's more than 300 cleansing creams, lubricants and masks will be used. While the customer lies back, her legs covered with a blue and white paisley quilt, a cosmetologist goes to work, cleaning the skin with unscented makeup remover and lotion. Then a lubricant is applied with a small hot iron, which is a doll-sized version of the kitchen iron, to soften the pores. This "face ironing" is followed by a herbal or seaweed steam facial, manual and deep-pore cleansing, a tightening mask and a makeup consultation.

More and more men are showing up in skin-treatment centers too: 10% of Arpel's customers and 20% of Klinger's are men, while both Aida Grey and the Beverly Hills Neiman-Marcus are about to open salons exclusively for them. Reports Billy Newman, an Arpel's executive: "We're not getting the gay guy. We're getting the truck drivers and the men who do dirty work. A jackhammer doesn't do anything for your complexion."

It is debatable whether all the alchemy does much more than remind customers to cleanse their skin thoroughly and regularly—a good habit, like brushing the teeth. At the very least the treatments massage the psyche. Says Arpel's Newman: "We're cheaper than a psychiatrist, we're more fun, we'll listen to all the problems you want to tell us, and you'll come out looking a whole lot better."



Ironing the face at Klinger's Manhattan salon

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TODAY



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Television

Slaughter on Sixth Avenue

Fred Silverman sweeps out all of NBC's new shows

When Fred Silverman took over NBC last June, the fall lineup was already firmly in place, and the question was: When would the network's programs really be his? The answer came last week. In an unprecedented day of carnage, Silverman killed all seven of his predecessors' remaining new programs, or about a third of the entire nighttime schedule. Starting in January, when the shows he personally picked go on the air, NBC will officially be the Network that Freddie Built.

The slaughter on Sixth Avenue, Manhattan's Network Row, was more a sign of desperation than desire, however, and the truth of the matter is that Silverman had only two choices: to kill the shows one by one or en masse. Freddie chose the latter, and off will go *Lifeline*, *Sword of Justice*, *Dick Clark's Live Wednesday*, *Eddie Capra Mysteries*, *Grandpa Goes to Washington*, *Who's Watching the Kids?* and *David Cassidy—Man Under Cover*. An old show, *Project U.F.O.* will also be dropped. Two programs, *W.E.B.* and *Waverly Wonders* had earlier been dispatched to Silverman Hill, which is already crowded with the shows Freddie killed when he was at CBS and later at ABC. Quipped Johnny Carson: "NBC now stands for Nine Bombs Canceled."

"This is the greatest cancellation in the history of television," says Mike Dann, a TV consultant and Silverman's onetime boss at CBS. "What forced Freddie's hand is the fact that ABC has nine of the top 14 shows and the only runaway hit of the new season, *Mork and Mindy*. In modern broadcasting, ABC is the greatest network ever, and CBS and NBC are so far behind they can only fight for second place. Freddie was an integral part of the ABC steamroller, and now it's going faster than ever, rolling over both the other networks. Will it ever stop?"

Indeed, ABC's strength is itself a source of atrength. A new show, placed behind one of the network's many proven hits, has a far better chance of success than it would next to just about anything on CBS or NBC. "You can keep a fire going by putting a new log on top of one that is already burning," says one industry observer. "The new one will catch fire from the old one."

Except for the two World Series weeks, NBC has been behind in the ratings all fall. The only consolation has been that, overall, it has beaten CBS. But even that may have been fleeting. In November, according to Arbitron ratings, CBS was marginally ahead. The new programs Silverman will put in may not be better, but they will in general be lighter. "We want to get comedy and a light feel to our network," says Mike Weinblatt, president of NBC Entertainment. "We are looking for young adults, and comedy attracts them. If you look at the top ten or 15 shows, most of them have comedic overtones."

L eading NBC down that laugh track will be *Supertrain*, a kind of *Loveboat* on wheels. The supertrain is—Amtrak take note—a superduper, atom-powered New York-to-Los Angeles train (complete with swimming pool), featuring a changing cast of stars acting out what is billed as a "comedy thriller." *Brothers and Sisters* focuses on the comic adventures of three fraternity brothers in a Midwestern college. Any similarity between it and *Animal House*, this year's movie sleeper, is purely intentional. McLean Stevenson, whose series *In the Beginning* was dropped by CBS earlier, comes to NBC in *Hello, Larry*, the story of a divorced father with two teen-age girls.

Cliffhangers is a one-hour show that has three of them, cliffhangers that is, each week. In a throwback to the old *Perils of Pauline* format, the hero of each of the three 20-minute segments will be left in some dire peril each week, with the viewer presumably holding his breath for seven days to see how he escapes. In *Mrs. Columbo*, a weekly series, the often talked about but never seen wife of the rumpled police lieutenant finally steps out from behind the raincoat to solve crimes on her own show. Silverman, the master of the spin-off, has achieved the ultimate spin-off, creating a new show out of a totally invisible character.

Silverman dumping *Lifeline*, *Sword of Justice*, *Dick Clark, Who's Watching the Kids?*, *Eddie Capra Mysteries*, *Project U.F.O.*, *David Cassidy* and *Grandpa Goes to Washington*

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL WHITE

Music

Heavenly Bore

Penderecki's opera in limbo

In this secular age, God is not very popular among composers. One notable exception is Krzysztof Penderecki, 45, a Polish Roman Catholic. He has written a *St. Luke's Passion* (1966), *Dies Irae*, an oratorio for the victims at Auschwitz (1967) and a *Magnificat* (1974). For the past four years, Penderecki (pronounced Pen-det-ret-ski) has labored on a huge, lofty project: recasting Milton's epic poem, *Paradise Lost*, into an opera. But last week, in its world premiere at the Lyric Opera of Chicago, Penderecki's huge effort failed to justify the ways of God to man.

Paradise Lost was not just any new

great invocation: "What in us is dark/illumine..."

That is what the Chicago production failed to do. Adam and Eve, sung by Baritone William Stone and Soprano Ellen Shade, and Satan, Bass-Baritone Peter Van Ginkel, stumbled about in semidarkness. There seemed to be a ban on imaginative staging. Only twelve days before the premiere, the director, Virginio Puecher, resigned under pressure. "He wanted to do too much movement," said Penderecki. "I think that the drama should be in the music."

Milton's mighty imagery—the fiery lake of hell, the bridge over chaos, the sense of a vast cosmos—was virtually ignored. Hell was a murky blue-black pit. A metallic-looking dome, which resembled a spaceship, stood for Eden's glories.

gressions and almost florid orchestration. Still, the ominous feeling was unrelieved and ultimately boring. The voices might have broken the monotony. The singing was almost uniformly good, particularly William Stone's sonorous Adam and the impeccably schooled chorus, which delivered everything from whispers to wails. Too often, however, the voices were drowned in the heavy orchestration. *Paradise Lost* settled uncomfortably into musical limbo, neither opera nor oratorio.

The long-range future of *Paradise Lost* appears cloudy, but the short term is assured. Milan's La Scala, which planned the opera with Chicago, will stage the same production on Jan. 23. Stuttgart and Düsseldorf will follow. Penderecki's own future is uncertain. After years of unconventional composing, he has entered a tonal, neo-romantic period. But his subject matter will not change. In Poland, where he directs Cracow's State Higher Music School, one of his friends was a Cardinal Wojtyla. Penderecki's next work will be a *Te Deum* dedicated to his friend, Pope John Paul II.

—Annalyn Swan



Satan, monarch of hell, parading before his legions in *Paradise Lost*

Neither opera nor oratorio, with majesty and miracles in short supply.

opera; it came as highly touted as a Cecil B. DeMille spectacular. The libretto was written by playwright Christopher Fry (*The Lady's Not for Burning*). Chicago Lyric spent well over half a million dollars on the production, a near record. The musical forces were mighty: a Wagnerian orchestra of 96, a chorus of 100. The preparation was elaborate. Choral rehearsals began in April; the orchestra practiced an unprecedented 110 hours.

The prologue promised opera on a grand scale. An eerie rumble of double basses and tympani built in the pit. Then a beam of light stabbed down onto the blackened stage, illuminating the figure of the blind poet Milton (Arnold Moss). "Hail, holy light!" he intoned. The choir of black-robed, monklike figures, clustered on either side of the stage in two four-tiered towers, burst forth in a

The staging was ponderous. Although God's angels and hell's legions wore tunics and helmets of war, the opera appeared to take place during a truce. The characters seemed symbolic figures in a morality play, and majesty and miracles were in short supply. A stunning exception was John Butler's choreography of the dances depicting the creation and union of Adam and Eve. The awakening of Adam (danced by Dennis Wayne), in which he slowly uncured from a womblike position, was a high point in the opera.

In contrast to the pallid staging, the music had an almost primitive power: a dark bass roar that evoked feelings of uneasy anticipation, discordant blasts to herald hell. Unlike Penderecki's earlier compositions, which were built of endless tone clusters, *Paradise Lost* was much more varied in style. There were chromatic pro-

A Silent Choir

Ending a 480-year tradition

The holiday season will not be quite as joyful as usual in Vienna this year. For the first time in living memory, the voices of the city's well-known Choir Boys will not be heard in the Hofburg chapel this Christmas. Seven Masses, traditionally sung by the *Sängerknaben*, have been canceled; so has the State Opera's year-end performance of Puccini's *Tosca*. The reason: a 30-year-old federal law forbidding children under 14 to work for pay. The law was designed to prevent mine operators and the like from exploiting youngsters. But the city fathers were forced to rule that it also applies to the choir, a 480-year-old institution that remains one of the sturdiest pillars of Vienna's musical reputation.

The labor law was accidentally discovered by Brigitte Winkler, 28, a reporter for the Vienna daily *Kurier* and the sister of a former choirboy. She charged that the choir's paid performances were illegal, and her articles triggered a search by city officials for an exemption from the law for the choir.

To no avail. The ban does not affect all the *Sängerknaben* choirs. Three out of the four are usually touring abroad; one will be in New York City next month. But the silence will shatter a tradition that goes back to 1498, when Emperor Maximilian founded the group. Amending the legislation will take time. Says Choir Director Walter Tauschnig: "I have spent Christmas at the Hofburg chapel for almost 50 years, from choirboy to director. It almost breaks my heart to miss it." ■

1818

SMIRNOFF



People



Chancellor and fine feathered friend go to lunch

NBC Newsman **John Chancellor** is usually in the public eye with his co-anchor **David Brinkley**, but he gamely agreed to wing it with a macaw named Bob. The occasion was a fund-raising luncheon for the New York Zoological Society, which is dedicated to protecting endangered species and displaying animals in natural environments. Chancellor, a

devotee of wildlife preservation, had no trouble with the boa constrictor and the tarantula that came to lunch. The macaw, however, was for the birds. "Neither one of us expected to have our picture taken together," said Chancellor. "He bit me, just to show who was boss."

Protesting university students, 100 strong, hurled eggs, bottles and epithets at the black limousine. British bobbies and U.S. Secret Service men punched, kicked and wrestled with demonstrators as the visitor scurried inside the Oxford Union Society hall. There, before a vastly more appreciative audience, **Richard M. Nixon** told 800 guests of Oxford University's prestigious debating society that the crowd outside made him feel "very much at home" and that "I have retired from politics, but I have not retired from life." Nixon addressed the society near the end of a week-long trip to France and England, his first overseas trip since 1976, when he visited China. When he appeared before the Oxford group, the ex-President said of Watergate: "I failed to handle a little thing, which became a big thing—and that

colors everything else." He summed up to his young audience: "You'll be here in the year 2000, and we'll see how I'm regarded then."

Having played *Dracula* on Broadway, Actor **Frank Langella** is now in Cornwall, sinking his teeth into the same role for a film. Although the movie will have a different script, approach, director, cast and special effects, Langella wants to maintain his conception of the role of the sanguineous count. *Dracula*, he feels, has been misunderstood. "I don't play him as a hair-raising ghoul," says

Langella. "He is a nobleman, an elegant man, with a very difficult problem."

Why is this man in the Fiji Islands? Because he owns one. "On the theory that everyone dreams of living on a Pacific island, we spent years looking for one to section into pieces of paradise," explains Sportsman-Publisher **Malcolm Forbes**, 59. The one he found was 3,000-acre Laucala. But that was in 1972, and since then Forbes has given up his resort idea. Last week, all decked out in lei and tropical duds, he teamed up with Fiji-



In Cornwall, Langella plays *Dracula* as an elegant count with a difficult problem



Nixon at Oxford Union



On Laucala in Fiji, Forbes meets with P.M. Mara

an Prime Minister **Ratu Sir Kamisese Mara** to cut ribbons on some new projects that have to do with raising coconuts and corn and promoting sport fishing.

CRUEL WORLD read the sign on **George Lee** ("Sparky") **Anderson's** wall. It was just a joke until last week, when Anderson was summarily fired from his job of nine seasons as manager of the Cincinnati Reds. Anderson, 44, the most successful major league manager of the decade, led his team to four pennants and two World Series victories (1975 and 1976). But for the past two seasons the Reds have finished behind the Los Angeles Dodgers in the National League West. "We are determined to set a higher standard," said Reds President **Dick Wagner** in explanation of the firing. Translation: second place just isn't good enough. "You could've knocked me down



Cincinnati Reds Manager Sparky Anderson before the fall

during World War II. The mother is **Anne Jackson**, Wallach's real-life wife, and the Frank daughters are played by Wallachs as well. "You're comfortable with your own family, so it's easier," says **Katherine**, 20, who hopes for a career as a café chanteuse and plays Margot. "But there are cons. Your mother is always making sure you had lunch."

As Britons watch a seven-part series titled *Edward and Mrs. Simpson* on the telly, the lady herself lies ailing and aggrieved in her Paris villa. The **Duchess of Windsor**, now 82, is said to feel that the show portrays her as the future King's "mistress" and a "cheap adventuress." Comes the word from her lawyer, **Suzanne Blum**: "She was the reluctant partner. The King did not want a mistress, and if he had he would not have abdicated. He wanted a wife and the support of one woman for the rest of his life." To prove it, the former **Wallis Warfield Simpson** has announced her intention to publish a packet of several dozen love letters. The billets-doux, penned by the couple before their marriage, were originally to have been kept secret until after the duchess's death.

Emerald City it wasn't, but the chandelied ballroom of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel in Beverly Hills held treasures of its own last week. Up for auction were 423 possessions of the late **Judy Garland**. Among the items on the block: Garland's copy of the musical arrangement of *Over the Rainbow*; a pair of loaded dice given to her by **Humphrey Bogart**; purchased by actress **Lily Tomlin** for \$1,200. Judy's *The Wizard of Oz* scrapbook, and the beaded silk jacket she wore at Carnegie Hall. The highest sum—\$60,000—was shelled out for Garland's 1953 black Mercedes-Benz 300S coupe. Total take: \$250,000. Would the star herself have approved? Says **Sid Luft**, Garland's third husband and the initiator of the auction: "Judy would have loved the production, the hoopla and the people."

"I hope in the year 2000 women still wear clothes like this," says Actress **Carol Lynley** about her boudoir garb. Alas, they don't, at least in Lynley's latest film, *The Shape of Things to Come*, based on **H.G. Wells'** science-fiction thriller. When Lynley, 36, arrived on the set, she learned that her costume was to be "a unisex Mao outfit." Nevertheless, she was cheered by her role as **Niki**, ruler of a planet named **Delta III**. "I'm called 'Governor,' not 'Governess' of the planet," says Lynley matter-of-factly. "Apparently there is no delineation of sex in the future."

Lynley in garb for the year 2000



On the Record

John Cheever, author (*Falconer*, *The Stories of John Cheever*), speaking in Boston: "All literary men are Red Sox fans. To be a Yankee fan in literary society is to endanger your life."

Nancy Landon Kassebaum, newly elected Republican Senator from Kansas, on her father **Alfred Landon**, presidential candidate in 1936: "For someone who loves to give advice, he stayed out of it. [Kassebaum's campaign] pretty well."

Isaac Bashevis Singer, Nobel-prizewinning author: "The truth is if Tolstoy would live across the street, I wouldn't go to see him. I would rather read what he writes."



Jackson, Wallach and daughters in *The Diary of Anne Frank*

with a feather when I found out," said Anderson. No translation needed.

"It's not a sad play. It's a play of the spirit," says Actor **Eli Wallach** of *The Diary of Anne Frank*. In an off-Broadway production opening Dec. 28, Wallach plays the father of the Jewish family that hides from the Nazis in an Amsterdam warehouse for 25 months

adds **Roberta**, 23, a veteran of eight years on stage and screen, who plays Anne. How do the senior Wallachs feel about the experience? "You're supercritical. It's like teaching your wife to drive," says Eli. As for his wife, she is delighted to be performing a role onstage that her daughters insist she has perfected offstage. "At last, I get to play the Jewish mother," says Anne, an Irish Catholic.



It's never been easy to predict the energy of the future.

One hundred and fifty years ago, when our chief source of fuel was wood, few people guessed it would someday be coal.

Seventy five years ago, when we depended mainly on coal, few people foresaw our present dependence on petroleum.

Now, as petroleum becomes more difficult to find, it's similarly difficult to predict the energy of the future.

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Cinema



The jolly gang celebrates its big score in *The Brink's Job*

Light Work

THE BRINK'S JOB
Directed by William Friedkin
Screenplay by Walon Green

There are, it seems, two William Friedkins. The famous William Friedkin, the one audiences love to hate, is the director of *The French Connection*, *The Exorcist* and *Sorcerer*. He is a steely, at times brilliant cinematic technician who will heartlessly pull out any stop in the effort to make moviegoers squirm. The other, often forgotten William Friedkin is very different. He is a sweet fellow who once directed *The Night They Raided Minsky's*, a warm and eccentric tribute to the glory days of American vaudeville. With *The Brink's Job*, this second Friedkin returns, after an exceedingly long absence. It is a pleasure to have him back.

The Brink's Job is a crime movie that has been conceived in the antic spirit of a burlesque show. Working from Writer Noel Behn's account of the celebrated 1950 Boston heist, Friedkin and Screenwriter Walon Green have created a series of loopy blackout sketches that celebrate the lunacy of some lucky penny-ante crooks. Not all of the bits are funny, but even the flat jokes have an engagingly whimsical air. From the evocative opening shot of strippers smoking on a theater fire escape to a late Borscht Belt cameo by Sheldon Leonard as J. Edgar Hoover, *The Brink's Job* upholds the traditions of Weber and Fields, the Keystone Kops and Damon Runyon.

The movie follows its robber heroes

from their early years as clumsy stickup men through their big score and its legal aftermath. There are some giddy set pieces, most notably a gummed-up bubble gum factory robbery, but it is the intimate moments and throwaway wisecracks that pay off best. This is due in no small part to Friedkin's cast, which is full of idiosyncratic comic actors who delight in playing amiable lowlife slob.

Peter Falk, coming on like Groucho Marx doing an impersonation of Humphrey Bogart, makes the mangy most of his role as the gang's leader. A conniver with a heart of gold, he uses his loot to buy his wife (Gena Rowlands) a showy "100% muskrat" coat. As the gang's detonation expert, Warren Oates has a hell of a fine time throughout the film he launches into deliriously obsessive speeches about imagined World War II combat adventures. The other principals, Peter Boyle, Paul Sorvino and Allen Garfield (the actor formerly known as Allen Garfield), all have their own amusing quirks. It's not their fault that Falk and Oates sometimes reduce them to underemployed straight men.

As he did in *Minsky's*, Friedkin devotes a great care to the ambience of *Brink's*. The production design by Dean Tavoularis (*Godfather II*) creates an almost dreamlike portrait of the ethnic tenements, greasy dives and teeming alleys that define the heroes' oldtime Boston underground. There is a jolly background score by Richard Rodney Bennett, as well as appropriate quotations from Walter Winchell and *Movietone News*. Devotees of Friedkin's most recent films may be shocked to discover that *Brink's* is

utterly devoid of gore and brutality.

Yet, pleasant as *The Brink's Job* is, one does miss some of the energy that Friedkin brings to his meaner movies. This film's exposition is too slow by half; the Brink's robbery itself is amusing without ever really being suspenseful. Perhaps some day both William Friedkins will converge in a single movie. When and if that happens, this gifted but divided craftsman will finally become a major film maker.

—Frank Rich

Double Feature

MOVIE MOVIE
Directed by Stanley Donen
Screenplay by Larry Gelbart
and Sheldon Keller

The only question raised by *Movie Movie* is one of timing. Not that there is anything wrong with the way gags are paced within the film. Stylish Stanley Donen, who co-directed *Singin' in the Rain* and later did *Charade* and *Two for the Road*, has seen to that with his usual élan. No, what one wonders is whether after living off its own history for so long, satirizing and parodying the beloved forms of the movies' far-receded golden age, Hollywood can persuade audiences to come out again to share a laugh at lost innocence.

They are well advised to do so in this instance. For *Movie Movie* is the most detailed and carefully worked parody of them all, a good-natured and expert send-up not only of what was silly about the movies that, thanks to TV, continue to shape our collective unconscious, but what was enduringly entertaining about them as well.

The picture is actually two pictures, an old-fashioned double feature consisting of a black-and-white boxing story, *Dynamite Hands*, and a Technicolor backstage musical, *Baxter's Beauties of 1933*. Both are supposed to be program features, that is, routine fare produced by the same mythical studio, Warren Bros., an outfit definitely to be confused with Warner Bros.

Like the products of such factories in the '30s, actors from the same term-contract stable are to be seen in both movies, as are the same hopelessly unrealistic standing sets, only cursorily redecorated. In the first, a New York errand boy (Harry Hamlin), affronted by a contender, knocks him out with a single punch and is induced to abandon his quest for a night-school law degree in order to enter the square circle (about the only cliché not to be heard in the script), in order to earn money for an operation to save his sister's eyesight. "You'll be on the next train to Vienna," he tells her, his dimness about geography matching his dimness about the fast women and corrupt-

Cinema



Scott, Hamlin and Buttons around the square circle in *Movie Movie*

From errand boy to district attorney with the aid of a lightning denouement.

ing mobsters he meets on his rise to the top. Aided by his gruff but honest manager (George C. Scott), his faithful second (Red Buttons), and the love of a good woman (Trish Van Devere), he refuses to tank his big fight and somehow manages to get his law degree. In one of those lightning denouements that were a feature of this kind of moviemaking, he becomes a district attorney so that he can prosecute the heavy (Eli Wallach) for murder.

The lightning features Scott as a producer with a month left to live. As his doctor (Art Carney) tells him, his inexplicable illness is one that seems only to afflict show people. Scott's last show must be a hit in order for him to leave a proper inheritance to the daughter he has never seen as a grownup. She, of course, turns out to be the chorus girl who saves the show by secretly advancing him money and then going on when the temper-

amental star (Van Devere) incapacitates herself. The juvenile she falls in love with—he is an accountant who composes a hit score overnight—is played by Barry Bostwick, who is also a gangster in *Dynamite Hands*, which wins for him the versatility award for this picture and serious consideration as a very promising newcomer.

But it is the writers of *Movie Movie* who really deserve the largest prize, because they have skewed the tough-sentimental dialogue conventions of the old behind-the-scenes-in-a-tough-racket genre so deftly. Whether they are just aping the old strained metaphors ("One day you're standing in the wings, the next day you're wearing them," Producer Scott mutters just before expiring) or gloriously scrambling them ("Angie's eyes are below the belt," says her brother when someone refers to the impending operation in the boxing picture), their ear for the silly sound of olden times is true. There are perhaps a few too many good lines, but Donen and his cast casually throw them away, so we are undistracted by their cleverness. Because no one is bent on proving his superiority to the past, we can root for these lunatics even as we laugh at them. In short, the movie gently embraces its heritage and encourages us to do the same.

—Richard Schickel

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	tar mg.	nicotine mg.
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Merit	8	0.6
Kent Golden Lights	8	0.7
True	5	0.4
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Theater

Losing Race

WINNING ISN'T EVERYTHING

by Lee Kalchheim

The good news first: George Abbott, at 91, is still one of the best directors around, and if he walks slowly these days, you would never know it from the staging of this, his 119th production. No one can move actors around faster, get more laughs out of a joke or slide so gracefully over a play's weak spots. The bad news is that the weak spots in *Winning Isn't Everything*, which opened last week at Manhattan's Hudson Guild Theater, are more like potholes, and even Abbott and an able cast occasionally stumble.

Set in the last days of a campaign for



Forbesy Russell in *Winning Isn't Everything*

Moving fast over weak spots.

the Senate, Lee Kalchheim's comedy has the stock political characters: a smooth-talking campaign manager with infinitely expandable ethics; a cynical speechwriter; a pretty, blonde volunteer; a hard-boiled, right-wing Congressman; and the idiot senatorial candidate. Add to that mix the candidate's wife, who wants her husband to lose and does everything she can to make sure he does, like publicly demanding a divorce.

The wife aside, *Winning* is sometimes very funny. Kalchheim, a TV writer who once wrote speeches for John Lindsay, knows the inside of a campaign headquarters, and he is probably familiar with idiot candidates as well. Bryan E. Clark is superbly smarmy as the campaign manager. Forbesy Russell is appropriately nubile as the blonde, and Richard Kuss gives one of the funniest performances of the year as a Congressman who enjoys kinky sex and kinkier politics. For long stretches they make you forget that *Winning* really isn't.

—Gerald Clarke

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MAN AND HIS GOLD, A SERIES

1799-1974: Gold in



"Workin' the diggin's" in Alaska. For most, the riches remained the next shovelful away.

The story could hardly begin with the occasional nugget that had been encountered in the land, first by wandering Indians, later by its European settlers—it is even recorded that Thomas Jefferson found one. These were, in truth, random finds and not serious goldfield discoveries and they never committed the nation to the metal.

Nor should it start, as many Americans might assume, with the spectacular strike in California.

The real beginning took place in a pine-scented forest near Concord, North Carolina, where, on a Sunday in 1799, Conrad Reed, age 12, brought home the large yellowish rock he'd found in a nearby creek. His father, unable to identify it, set the heavy object on the porch where it served as a doorstep for three years.

Then in 1802, Farmer Reed, presumably with awakening curiosity, took the rock to a jeweler in Fayetteville who recognized the gold in it and offered to buy it.

Asking what he believed to be a large

sum—three dollars and fifty cents—John Reed sold his doorstep. It was an unfortunate transaction for the rock weighed some seventeen pounds and its gold value was closer to \$3,600. The episode seems more comic opera than epic but it led to America's first goldfield, its first gold mine, and, of course, its first gold rush.

In a way the incident characterized a kind of innocence that has accompanied much of the ensuing American experience with gold. Indeed, to Europeans or to anyone of longer association with—and maybe appreciation for—the metal, it must have seemed that the U.S., at times, was out of synch with the rest of the world.

As early as 1803, following an upward valuation of gold in Europe, America held its price so unrealistically low compared to that of silver that Europeans could buy gold here with silver, then simply ship it home at a profit—causing the first U.S. gold drain. And the young country was once so innocent in regulating its commodity trading that one man, Jay Gould, almost succeeded in cornering its entire gold market in 1869.

Foreigners looked, too, with astonishment, at how a government could, in the absence of wartime, call in the nation's privately held gold—as the U.S. did in 1933—and were amazed that its citizens would so fully comply. Or wondered at how the women of a land so rich in gold could wear so much artificial jewelry.

And America often did seem out of step. In 1900, it became the last major country to adopt a gold standard (Britain, for example, did so in 1821; most of Europe by the 1870's) and was, in 1933, the last to leave it. Then, from the end of World War II until 1971, the U.S. alone paid out gold to repatriate its currency from foreign governments, resulting in the loss of over half of its gold reserve. For years the United States has maintained an anti-gold position in world monetary cir-



One of the most beautiful high relief coins ever designed, this \$20 gold piece had to be replaced by a flatter version—it wouldn't stack at the bank.

cles, while clinging to the world's largest gold reserve.

Looking through history, one is able to isolate three factors that perhaps explain the American ambivalence toward gold. First, there was the nation's early preoccupation with more urgent priorities—of developing



Americans turned in their gold in 1934 for \$20.67

an innocent America.

and implementing a whole new system of government, melding diverse immigrant cultures and settling a vast land mass. Second, there was, to some degree, a psychological rejection of the metal as reminiscent of European royalties and a way of life left behind. And third, the country simply came into so much gold so fast that it may have been less appreciated in the national mind—this refers, of course, to the enormous yields which were to come from the mountains, valleys and streams of its still-unexplored West.

In the meantime, gold mining had prospered in the East—by the mid-1800's there were over 50 mines in North Carolina alone—and there had been other substantial discoveries, notably in Georgia and South Carolina. But all the gold mined so far would have filled little more than a single Yankee Clipper Ship, when in 1848, word swept the land like a brushfire: "There's gold in California!"

It was the blockbuster of U.S. strikes and today names such as Sut-

ter's Mill and Mother Lode, as well as many of the 49er adventures, are etched in the mind of every American, not only from childhood history books, but also from a myriad of Hollywood depictions—and sometimes distortions—which inevitably begin with a dusty false-front town or a ribald saloon with painted ladies and end with a shoot-em-up down at a corral.

What is somewhat overlooked is the sheer immensity of the California yield. In the five years before 1848, America's average yearly gold production had been 52 thousand ounces. In 1849, it leaped to some 1.9 million ounces and, in 1850, it was over 2.4 million.

Other strikes came in rapid succession: Nevada in 1849, Oregon and

that in the end contributed over one-third of America's native gold.

Gold is currently mined in 13 states but production has declined and America produces less than three percent of the world total. A single mine, The Homestake, at Lead (pronounced Lead), South Dakota, accounts for well over one-fourth of U.S. output. The venerable, history-rich mine, which in 1976 celebrated its 100th birthday, today gives evidence that some things have changed—there are more than 25 women working underground.

But it was also a changed America which, on December 31, 1974, regained the right to full gold ownership and one wonders if its citizens today would ever line up again to turn it all

in. The affinity for gold may now be too strong. According to industry statistics, U.S. women are wearing more real gold jewelry and, at the same time, there has been considerable investment in gold—the U.S. is now the world's largest market for both bullion-type gold coins and gold futures trading.

Finally, it seems Americans are even spending time as "Weekend 49ers," poking around the old diggings in hope of finding the occasional nugget which, at the current price of gold, cannot be called an innocent endeavor.

This advertisement is part of a series produced in the interest of a wider knowledge of man's most precious metal. For more information write to: The Gold Information Center, Department TMO, P.O. Box 1269, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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Montana in 1852, Arizona and Colorado in 1858. Then Washington, Idaho, Utah, New Mexico, along with several in Alaska. Some of these discoveries were considerable but in both significance and scale none ever equalled that of California, for its strike was not only the event that opened the American West, it was also the state



an ounce. Less than a year later it was worth \$35.

The Gold Information Center.

Books

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Early Homo sapiens decorated the walls of his caves with simple yet evocative drawings of the animals he hunted; later artists, from Leonardo and Albrecht Dürer through John James Audubon, captured not merely the physical appearance but the very essence of the creatures that interested them. The work of all these artists is handsomely presented in *S. Peter Dance's The Art of Natural History* (Overlook Press; unpaginated; \$49.50), a handsome, oversized volume that does as much justice to painters and sculptors as it does to their subjects. Naturalists who can afford it will find this book an invaluable reference. Others may want to take a scissors to it; many of the pictures are so lively that they fairly roar to be released from the pages and freed to hang on walls.

Not for everyman's coffee table is *The Herons of the World* by James Hancock and Hugh Elliott (Harper & Row; 304 pages; \$65). The authors have limited their choice of long-legged wading birds to a single family, the Ardeidae, which comprises some 61 species. The Snowy Egret graces the dust jacket, wearing the



Condor from *The Art of Natural History*

plumes, or aigrettes, that caused a heedless millinery trade to slaughter it to the brink of extinction in the early 1900s. But, as Emily Dickinson pointed out, hope is a thing with feathers, and today the protected Snowy has become a common sight—as well as a hopeful symbol of conservation in general.

The Snowy's big brother, the Great Egret, has benefited from conservation, as have other herons in North America, including the Black-crowned Night Heron ("quawk" to baymen), and the Green Heron. The picture in the Old World is not so pretty. World-ranging field birders and semiprofessional ornithologists will gladly find space on a tall shelf for this somewhat technical work, richly illustrated by Painters Robert Gillmor and Peter Hayman.

Once aptly described as "art to walk on," Oriental (or as some prefer, Islamic) rugs and carpets are enjoying a resurgence of popularity in the West. Indeed, the finer examples from Iran, Turkey and the Caucasus have become too valuable to walk on. The prices for some exceptional



Portrait from *The Arts of David Levine*



From left: acanthus from *Book of Wildflowers*; Vuillard from *Modern Art*; egret from *Hérons of the World*



antique rugs have risen as much as 1000% during the past seven years, especially at auctions where oil-rich Middle Easterners are eagerly buying back the treasures of their heritage. **The Splendor of Persian Carpets**, by E. Gans-Ruedin (Rizzoli; 566 pages; \$85) shows off some spectacular ex-



Foal from Great Stud-Farms of the World



Persian Carpets



Above: aluminum bed from High-Tech

Left: gold fan from Symbolists and Symbolism

Below: Gold of Tutankhamen

amples whose color values are faithfully reproduced in more than 100 full-page illustrations. The most magnificent carpets are from the 16th century and, not surprisingly, can be found in Tehran's Carpet Museum. The text is in English and Farsi, the language of Iran, but words cannot compete with the passions evoked by the illustrations.

Those who have braved long lines for a museum glimpse of "The Treasures of Tutankhamen" have not seen everything yet. **The Gold of Tutankhamen** by Kamal El Mallakh and Arnold C. Brackman (Newsweek Books; 332 pages; \$49.95) offers color pictures of the 55 ob-



Part of Darwin's Forgotten World

Lion in Savage Paradise



jects now touring the U.S. in the Tut exhibition, plus reproductions of nearly 150 more that are too large or fragile to be moved from their home in Cairo. Historian Brackman has written a sound, engrossing account of the discovery of Tutankhamen's tomb in 1922 and of the travails that preceded and followed it. But the pictures are far more compelling in their fidelity to precious stones and metals and even more precious artistry. The discovery of this breathtaking treasure



The Dance, Art and Ritual of Africa

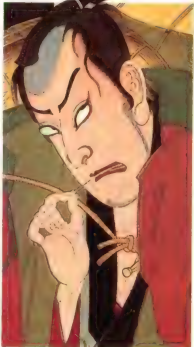


Musing canine from *The Literary Dog*

Books

was astounding enough, even more amazing is the fact that it was ever buried.

The symbolists, who were a dominant force in European art from about 1870 to 1900, were less a movement than an atmosphere of thought. **Symbolists and Symbolism** by Robert L. Delevoy (Skira/Rizzoli; 247 pages, \$60), a beautifully arranged and illustrated book, is redolent of that hothouse atmosphere, with its enigmatic dreams, mythical allusions and sexual ecstasy. Here are the otherworldly faces of the Pre-Raphaelites, the terrifying



Portrait from *Later Japanese Prints*

sirens of Edvard Munch, the eerily sensual women of Gustav Klimt. The well-written text, which relates the art to thinkers as disparate as Wagner and Freud, is set off by the sensuous verse of such poets as Rossetti and Rimbaud.

The short span from the death of Vincent Van Gogh in 1890 to the end of World War I in 1918 witnessed the birth and adolescence of modern art, which violently shattered a

Jorge Donn from *Dancers Dancing*



Stylized photograph of football player in *Sports!*



Panel in *Women in the Comics*

four-century-old pictorial tradition. As Matisse, Picasso, Léger and the other alchemists found new talismans and techniques, the human body, as well as landscapes, was fragmented like pieces of a broken mirror, and the orchestration of color and geometry assumed new proportions. But if the moderns were united in rebellion, they soon splintered into their own movements: the symbolists, for example, conjured up their own demons of psychology with vacant-eyed sibyls and apocalyptic horsemen, while the futurists depicted a brave new world of machines and mannequins bereft of humanity. **Modern Art 1890-1918** by Jean Clay (Vendome; 320 pages; \$45) celebrates the visions and revisions of this remarkable period with 347 color plates and an expert text that defines a new order of creation.

\$24.95 to \$40

High-Tech by Joan Kron and Suzanne Slesin; designed by Walter Bernard (Porter; 286 pages; \$25). The young marrieds who throw a plank across some bricks and call it a bookshelf, the SoHo loftnik who hangs his jeans in an abandoned factory locker, or the beach-house owner who uses a washed-up hatch cover as a coffee table may not know it, but they are part of a furnishing trend now touted as "high-tech: the industrial style." In this handsomely designed volume, the authors show how the drab utilitarian can be transformed into blue-collar chic. The objects range from 95¢ lunch-counter salt shakers to \$1,285 professional refrigerators. As in all new styles, it is up to the individual designer or architect to weed the authentically innovative from the conversation pieces, like blue obstruction lights on stanchion pipes, which are said to simulate an airport runway in trend setters' bedrooms.

Great Stud-Farms of the World by Monique and Hans D. Dossenbach, Hans Joachim Köhler (Morrow; 289 pages; \$35). The authors have composed an encyclopedic and lushly illustrated celebration of horses and the places where they are bred. Surely the animal has not received such intelligently loving attention since Siegfried Sassoon published his *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* in 1928. After tracing the history of horse breeding to the time when the animals first entered the service of man some 5,000 or 6,000 years ago, probably in the steppes north of the Caucasus, the authors proceed upon a world tour of stud-farms on five continents. They repeat much delightful lore, including stories of Colonel William Hall-Walker, who matched mares and stallions according to their zodiac signs and had a horoscope cast for every foal.

Savage Paradise by Hugo van Lawick (Morrow; 272 pages; \$29.95) is a predator's portrait gallery, set on the golden plains of Tanzania's Serengeti. Having spent some 16 years observing and photographing wild animals in Africa, Van Lawick has a scientist's understanding of

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Books

bestly behavior and a raconteur's way with anecdotes. But his long suit is photography: studies of sociable lions coping with the problems of love life and day care, graceful leopards stalking their prey, packs of hyenas engaging in gang warfare, and endearing cheetah families at play—all unique glimpses of the harsh beauty of a wild and fragile paradise.

The Dance, Art and Ritual of Africa by Michel Huet. Text by Jean-Louis Paudrat. (Pantheon; 241 pages; \$35). The dancing black African in mask and full feather has become an anthropological cliché, reproduced tirelessly in lavish gift books. French Photographer Michel Huet triumphantly reclaims the subject in these 261 photographs taken during the past 30 years. Focusing on the tribes of the vast sub-Sahara, Huet has assembled a vivid and invaluable record of African costumes, rituals and artistic traditions that



Great Photographic Essays from Life

are fading before the winds and transistors of change. In the Gallic manner, both text and pictures are presented in a systematic and scholarly way.

Sports! Photographs by Neil Leifer; text by George Plimpton; foreword by Red Smith (Abrams; 192 pages; \$29.95). As a top photographer for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Neil Leifer sat in the catbird seat through nearly two decades of Olympic Games, World Series, Kentucky Derbys, heavyweight championship fights. So there is much in this huge, flawlessly reproduced collection that is born of the right time and the right place. But Leifer also sat on teetering ladders, leaned out of helicopters, strapped himself or his cameras along rails on the homestretch, or under ski jumps. Searching for the special angle, he found a special vision. These are photographs of insight as well as drama, and, unlike most sports photography, more rewarding for what they reveal about the players than the games.

Of all the nature artists working today, no one else has Glen Loates' eye for detail, his sense of place and his ability

to capture every hair, quill and feather with pencil or brush. Admirers, and the uninitiated, can sate themselves by exploring this brilliant full-length collection.

The Art of Glen Loates by Paul Duval (Cerebrus/Prentice-Hall; unpaginated; \$35) traces the evolution of the artist's unique style and may inspire some readers to emulate his practice of stalking the wilds to get close to his subjects. But not too close. One of Loates' grizzly bears is lifelike enough on the printed page; after seeing it, few would need to get any nearer.

The Audubon Society Book of Wildflowers by Les Line and W.H. Hodge (Abrams; 260 pages; \$37.50). Audubon Magazine Editor Line has made an art form of nature photography in color. With Walter Henricks Hodge he has produced pages of California poppies (Eschscholzia) that seem to burst into orange flame. Line has selected 181 photos (modestly including only two of his own but eleven of Hodge's), showing in many-hued detail the strange life of epiphytes like those that amazed Columbus, and the infinitely varied floral array to be found in jungles, pampas, steppes and deserts. Hodge's text, despite a deplorable text layout, is as clear as it is authoritative. And the work of the 68 superb photographers who contributed to the collection has no equal on any bookshelf anywhere.

Great Photographic Essays from LIFE, commentary by Maitland Edey (New York Graphic Society; 278 pages; \$24.95). From its first issue to its last, the old weekly LIFE (1936-1972) published some 2,000 photo essays. These were as original in concept as the magazine itself: skillfully composed picture stories that explored the lives of private people, their tribulations and triumphs, jinks high and low, the places they inhabited or returned to or recalled. This collection, elegantly introduced and annotated by Maitland Edey, a former assistant managing editor of LIFE, includes such classics as W. Eugene Smith's *Spanish Village*, Howard Sochurek's *The Prairie* and Dorothea Lange's *Irish Country People*, as well as many less remembered but equally riveting studies, complemented by Edey's inside story of the ways they were put together. Seldom can one say that a 278-page book should have been twice as long.

David Levine is the best-known political and literary caricaturist since Max Beerbohm. His cartoon of Lyndon Johnson's gall bladder scar in the shape of Viet Nam is a classic, and it is impossible to see a picture of Kafka, Mailer or Proust without remembering the artist's caustic lines. But there is another, gentler Levine: a water-colorist of enormous delicacy and control. **The Arts of David Levine** (Knopf; 205 pages; \$25) celebrates both with generous samples of serious portraiture, beach scenes and parodic sketches that recall the nervous poignance of Daumier

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Books



Dancing pea pods in *Signs of Life*

and fully justify John Updike's appraisal of the artist as "one of America's assets."

UNDER \$20

When Charles Darwin stepped off the *Beagle* and landed in the Galápagos in 1835, he found a world in which time had stood still. As Roger Lewin, an editor of Britain's *New Scientist*, reveals in *Darwin's Forgotten World* (Reed; \$19.95), the clock is still stopped. Iguanas and other lizards, close relatives of the dinosaurs that have been extinct for millenniums, prowl the islands. Giant tortoises, resembling prehistoric tanks, lurch slowly along their beaches. Lewin, aided by Photographer Sally Anne Thompson, does his usual excellent job of showing what Darwin saw when he landed in this natural laboratory of evolution. And not a moment too soon. The Ecuadorian government, which owns these islands, is fortunately taking steps to discourage tourism. Unless it does, the clock could start running, and though Darwin's world will never be forgotten, a large part of it could be destroyed.

Pop heroines came late to the pages of the comics. Once there, they traced a colorful road, from Mamma of *The Katzenjammer Kids*, which debuted in 1897, to the flappers of the '20s and punky private detectives, aviatrixes and reporters of the '30s who prefigured Superheroines Wonder Woman, Supergirl and, later, *Doodlesbury's* Joanie Caucus. *Women in the Comics* (Chelsea House; 229 pages; \$15) follows them all and includes parallel histories of women in the real world. Author Maurice Horn is a bit too inclusive: *Playboy's* Little Annie Fanny and bizarre S-M panels from Europe earn this great compendium an R rating.

Dance photographs freeze in two dimensions the movement that flows in three. Much is lost in the process, and no amount of trickery can make up for it. In *Dancers Dancing* (Abrams; unpaginated; \$9.95), Photographer Herbert Migdoll makes some inventive attempts at simulating the spectacle of live performances

She wanted to spend our anniversary at home tonight.
So I got her something easy to slip into.



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To give you an idea of diamond values, the piece shown is available for about \$2,500. Your jeweler can show you other diamond jewelry starting at about \$300. DeBeers.

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Raja came from a destitute family. His father appealed to CCF for educational help. (India)



Regane did not go to school because her parents were financially unable to send her. (Brazil)



Margarita's health was poor but her family couldn't afford a doctor. (Guatemala)



Elizabeth's parents worked as farm hands. They were too poor to buy beds for their child. (Mexico)



Ana Clara's parents are illiterate but they were eager to send her to school. (Guatemala)



Saturnino cooked and cleaned house while his mother tried to earn a living. (Philippines)



Nuliyani's diet consisted mostly of cassava (later cooked into a porridge). (Indonesia)



Leppia suffered from a severe protein deficiency called marasmus. (Kenya)



Francis lived in a house made of mud and sticks with no running water or electricity. (Brazil)



Deepika's father could not get a job. Her mother worked but her meager earnings could not feed the family. (India)



Ming Wen's father was lost in a shipwreck. His mother worked as odd jobs but could not provide the necessities. (Taiwan)



Malikan's father is a farmer but his land was so barren he could not earn enough to feed his children. (Thailand)

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through the use of montage, solarization and time lapse. The resulting pictures are never less than colorful, but they seem to compete with their human subjects rather than record them. Yet photography in the right hands can bring something to dance as well, and Migdoll is at his best when he gives the eye permanent images that would otherwise have disappeared in a blur. Two photographs of Mikhail Baryshnikov, all intense concentration and soaring energy, are themselves classics and more than worth the reasonable price of this book.

Every dog has his day, and with the publication of *The Literary Dog*, by William E. Maloney and J.C. Suarez (Putnam, 126 pages, \$14.95 hard-cover, \$7.95 paper), he also has his book. Decorated with works by Hogarth, Toulouse-Lautrec, Velázquez and other masters, this anthology bristles with canine tales, poems and anecdotes. With more than 100 selections from the likes of Shakespeare, Chekhov, Twain and Thurber, the result is more than mere doggerel. There are, for instance, Odysseus' faithful Argus, who waits 20 years for his master's return, Goldsmith's poor mongrel who dies of biting a man, and Lewis Carroll's Monarch of Dogland, who discourses in Doggee. A must for all those seeking a new leash on life.

Woodblock prints have become synonymous with Japanese art. *Later Japanese Prints* by Richard Illing (Phaidon, 64 pages, \$9.95), an anthology of 65 examples (33 in color), surveys the vital 19th century tradition in which the print was produced and sold as a popular, commercial art form. Broadsheets celebrating the Kabuki theater, courtesans, sumo wrestlers, samurai heroes, and witches and demons from Japanese folklore sold like rice cakes in the capital of Edo, now Tokyo. Yet despite their wide appeal, these prints were the work of master craftsmen who painstakingly carved up to a dozen separate blocks to produce one multicolored picture. An inexpensive introduction to the lively imagination and skill of vanished artisans.

Many picture books are so big and glossy that they seem designed for an audience rather than a single viewer. *Signs of Life*, photographs by Olivia Parker (Godine, unpaginated, \$15) is a welcome exception. Parker works on a small scale (none of her pictures exceeds 35 sq. in.) that invites close scrutiny and then rewards it. Her subjects are found objects, old photographs, tombstones, pages from books, articles of clothing, sometimes arranged in odd patterns, always rendered in silvery light that makes the old seem new. A favorite pattern is the juxtaposition of fruits or vegetables and constricting frames. Though such shots sometimes attract cute titles (*Bose in a Box*), they tease the eye with tensions that seem the opposite of still life. ■

Behavior

People Are Really Two-Faced

Why is the right side "public," the left "private"?



What is this man really thinking?



Composite of right halves looks pleasant



Composite of left halves seems sinister
Use the left eye to study the left side.

Portrait painters and photographers know only too well that the human face is asymmetrical; wrinkles and eyebrow movements vary, and the smile usually breaks from one side to the other. What is more, each side seems to express a different feeling. This phenomenon can best be shown by first covering one half of the face in a portrait, then the other. In most cases, the right side of the subject's face (on the viewer's left) appears pleasant or blank; the left side looks worried, fearful or even a bit sinister. The difference is even more pronounced when a composite face made of two left sides is compared with one composed of two right sides.

Taking note of this right-left difference, psychologist Werner Wolff of Columbia University suggested in the 1940s that the right side is the "public" face, and the left "private," registering emotions that are not intended to be conveyed. Yet this strategy of "hiding" unacceptable emotions on the left side of the face could be effective only if the public side had far more impact on the viewer. Wolff found this to be so; after studying the faces of others, subjects in his experiments noted that the right side of the face looked more like the whole face than the left side did. But Wolff could not explain why.

Now a team of psychologists thinks it has the answer. Writing in the journal *Science*, Harold Sackeim of Columbia and Ruben Gur and Marcel Saucy of the University of Pennsylvania report that the left side of the face is not perceived well by a viewer. The team bases its conclusion on split-brain research, which shows that the right hemisphere of the brain has predominant control over the left side of the face and that the left hemisphere governs the right side. Other studies indicate that the right hemisphere of the brain is better than the left in recognizing faces and processing emotional information.

As the researchers explain, when two people stand face to face, the right eye of one studies the left side of the face of the other. The right eye, in turn, is controlled by the left hemisphere of the brain, the half that is less deft at reading images. Thus people may unconsciously mislead one another by presenting a confident or blank public expression on the right side of the face, where it has a strong effect, and by "hiding" strong emotions on the poorly perceived left side.

In the course of the studies, Sackeim's team found that negative emotions registered heavily on the left side, but positive emotions spread more evenly across the entire face. Says Sackeim: "We be-

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Behavior

lieve the two sides of the face are differently involved in experiencing happy and unhappy states." Other researchers have reported "small correlations" between emotional illness and a high degree of facial asymmetry. Sackeim is currently studying these results. "Why should people with greater facial asymmetry report more neurotic symptoms?" he asks. "We don't understand the connection."

Sackeim's interpretation of the evidence is that the emotional left side of the face may have evolved to convey a clear message about feelings—the facial expression is more strongly drawn to compensate for the poor ability of the left brain to read faces. Sackeim's research has also convinced him that the brain's right hemisphere is more heavily involved in expressing emotions than the left. What does it all boil down to, in practical terms? When in doubt about anyone's feelings, just study the left side of the person's face with your left eye. ■

Army Families

More troubled than most?

Growing up in a military family can be dangerous to your mental health. So says Beaumont, Texas, Psychiatrist Don M. LaGrone. Writing in the *American Journal of Psychiatry*, LaGrone says that alcoholism is high in military families, child abuse is five times the national average, and Army brats are brought in for psychiatric treatment in unusually high numbers. During his two-year stint at an unidentified Midwestern military base, LaGrone reported, 12% of all children and adolescents on the base came to his clinic for psychiatric help. Of these, 4% were diagnosed as psychotic.

Military families are ripe for trouble, says the psychiatrist, because the father is absent much of the time, families see themselves as transients with no real roots, and wives and children are viewed as dependents, marginal to the all-male authoritarian structure of the military. Children move from school to school so frequently that "they have to break into peer groups repeatedly as the 'new kid' and are often the school's scapegoat." According to LaGrone, part of the problem is not the military's fault: the Army life attracts men from authoritarian families, who pass on harsh child-rearing behavior to their sons and daughters.

LaGrone's statistics may not reflect the problem fully. They do not include youngsters who were already in treatment when he arrived at the base. Also, he speculates that the number of patients would have been far greater if the pressure in officers' families against consulting psychiatrists were not so high. More than 94% of his patients came from the families of enlisted men, and the psychiatrist believes that officers' children could use at least as much help. ■

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TIME Magazine

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Time Essay

Get This Season off the Couch!

They begin turning up this time of year as reliably as gaudy lights and the Salvation Army, and with furrowed brows they hand the public a unique gift—clear warnings about the morbid hazards that lurk in the traditional seasonal celebrations. They are the jolly diagnosticians, and they dirge forth chanting their own anthem, a sort of Fugue for Handwringers, the gist of which is that there may be poisoned plums in the pudding.

The holidays, they say, and especially Christmas, inflame neurosis, trigger depression, accentuate loneliness. The very expectation of joy becomes a source of gloom. Adults get pressured into the hypocrisy of mingling with people they do not like and going to churches they do not believe in. Children get confused by the Santa hokum; they wind up either addicted to greed by too many presents or ridden with envy by too few. Families obliged to reassemble are rent by old grudges set to festering again. Furthermore, since Christmas dominates the marathon Thanksgiving-to-New Year's celebrations, non-Christians get painful left-out feelings.

This grim picture of the winter holidays accumulated in psychological literature and passed, during the last generation, into the popular domain. These days it can be casually overheard around almost any office, street corner or watering hole. Indeed, many Americans have begun to sound, and a few to act, as though the appropriate way to navigate the holidays is with a clipboard and psychiatric checklist for keeping track of casualties.

So fretful is the atmosphere achieved by the clinical view that some people are even turning to ever increasing preholiday workshops that offer to help them "cope" with seasonal stress. This trend in popular therapy reached a bizarre pinnacle this year with the scheduling, in New York, of an eleven-day "antiholiday" workshop starting three days before Christmas. It was conceived by a therapist who says she and her followers hope to "create new rituals and celebrations" while at the same time they cure themselves of the old.

Admittedly, some of the pathological grist is not just humbug. The shrinks do gear up as though for combat duty during the holidays. Emotional turmoil is easily noticeable and evidently widespread. One pioneering study of Christmas neurosis, published by the University of Utah School of Medicine in the 1950s (and mined ever since by writers assigned to recycle the annual piece on "the holiday blues"), established that as many as nine out of ten people suffer "adverse emotional reactions to Christmas pressures."

The dreary litany seems endless. Even suicide is said to increase during the season, but this claim is disputed. No matter. Even if suicides decline, the rest of the diagnosis is enough to make the holiday seem like a prolonged calamity. Before Americans completely succumb to such an impression, now is the time to diagnose the diagnosis.

One need not quibble with particular findings to detect their limits. Let the stunning statistic from the Utah study stand—but add to it the universal knowledge that roughly ten out of ten people suffer "adverse emotional reactions" to life itself. Those who do not ought to have their heads examined. Even saints—especially saints—anguish. Evidently humankind from ages immemorial has known a rough time in that darkest gully of the year—the season of the winter solstice. In fact, most historians

agree that it was precisely to relieve the morbidity inherent in the season that the species invented the extravagant celebrations that have endured to this day.

The old pagan celebrations, which had gone on for millennia, continued for centuries after the birth of Christ. It was to steer the energies of the celebrants into more pious channels—so says Francis X. Weiser, S.J., in *The Christmas Book*—that the church in the 4th century picked, as Christmas Day, exactly the date that signaled the end of the Roman Saturnalia. The origin of the celebrations at least raises the question of which came first, seasonal malaise or the celebrations? Could it be that the rituals cure far more gloom than they precipitate? Surely such issues should not be abdicated entirely to social pathologists.

The trouble with the now pervasive clinical view of the holidays is that, along with offering undeserved comfort to unreconstructed Scooges, it tends to confuse many perfectly healthy people about their own emotional condition. Even casual observation confirms that many weave through the holidays feeling vaguely like victims—acutely aware of the supposedly malignant pressures that the diagnosticians always talk about. No mystery here. With a consciousness razed by standard holiday pathology, even an intelligent adult may tend to construe the pressure as a symptom of something bad and imminent. In fact, that pressure is primarily only the moving power of a vast communal celebration. This coercive atmosphere is not just an incidental effect of the season, as some suggest, but its very essence.

Every human ritual, after all, owns the ulterior intent of pressing people out of habituated everyday behavior. Just as a parade or fiesta is intended to tug people en masse onto the streets to see and celebrate who they are, so the rites of the winter holidays are aimed at prying people out of their diurnal ruts into unaccustomed minglings, new communions, fresh gestures. The purpose of it all, undeclared

and unsentimental, is to arouse a general reaffirmation of the commonality of life as the year's shortest day comes and goes. While emotionally fragile individuals may suffer special aggravations as a result, the temperamental thrash that most people feel is often no deeper than their resistance to being nudged out of narrow everyday patterns. The pressure of the season is only the mute wish of a society that yearns, against all odds, for a sense of wholeness.

But that is not a charade in psychodrama. It is the troubled world for real, and the jargon of the clinic does not begin to describe its complexities. Neither does the carping of the cynic. It is not all hypocritical to surrender to the pressure to join somehow in the celebration. It is merely human, and quite possibly of value. Even a trivial card sent by rote can sustain a tie that would otherwise vanish. A hand extended in feigned cordiality to an old adversary may turn out to have more moral worth than the embrace of an old friend. Obligatory attendance at socials, like reunions with chilly kinsmen, offers as much chance of warmth as of friction. A person even tempted to become a once-a-year churchgoer may thereby be moved to the only reflection since last year on the inscrutable powers that play over creation. Joining in, as even the professional diagnosticians insist, is the best remedy for the holiday blues.

—Frank Trippett



*"Of course you're depressed.
'Tis the season to be jolly."*

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'Tis a great place to hide one for "the C.C. Season," we thought as we flew north. So we left our case of holiday cheer on the polar ice cap at 84°50'5"N, 63°55'2"W on April 25, 1978. (Why April? Because we want to be home for the holidays, too.)

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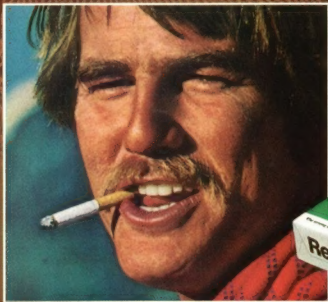
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